



Wm. Verelstam del.

Printed for John Bell near Bath Exchange Street London Nov. 6. 1779



Wm. Verelstam del.

Printed for John Bell near Bath Exchange Street London Nov. 6. 1779



Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Street London Nov. 23. 1773.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAM. GARTH.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein,
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign—
I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part—
—Praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow,
And when I meet with merit scribble too.
The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Tho' earnest easy, civil yet sincere;
Who seldom but thro' great good nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive,
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.

CLAREMONT.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

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SIR SAM. GARTH.

WITH THE TITLE OF THE AUTHOR.

The logo of the British Museum, featuring a crown above the words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" in a serif font. The logo is centered on the page.



CLASS

1951 10 12 11 51 10 11

At the above time, by the Master.

1971-1972

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAMUEL GARTH

CONTAINING HIS

DISPENSARY,

CLAREMONT,

EPISTLES,

PROLOGUES,

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy:
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.—
Such is thy genius, and such art is thine,
Some secret magic works in every line;
We judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine.
Where all is just, is beautiful, and is fair,
Distinctions vanish of peculiar air.

CODRINGTON.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTIN.

Anno 1779.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR SAMUEL JOHNSON

21K 3M11A.TW02

CLAREMONT, TRANSACTIONS, IMITATIONS.



NOTHING

EDWARD G.

At the Office of the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., this 1st day of May, 1900.

• 2371 encl

THE LIFE OF
SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

THIS gentleman was descended from a good family in Yorkshire. After he had passed through his school-education he was removed to Peter-house in Cambridge, where he is said to have continued till he was created Doctor of Physic, July 7, 1691*.

In 1696, Dr. Garth zealously promoted the erecting The Dispensary; being an apartment in the college for the relief of the sick poor, by giving them advice *gratis*, and dispensing medicines to them at low rates. This work of charity having exposed him, and many other of the most eminent physicians, to the envy and resentment of several persons of the same faculty, as well as apothecaries, he ridiculed them with peculiar spirit and vivacity in his poem called The Dispensary, in Six Cantos; which though it first stole into the world a little hastily and incorrect in the year 1669, yet bore in a few months three impressions, and was afterwards printed several times, with a dedication to Anthony Henley, Esq. This poem gained our Author great reputation: it is of the burlesque species, and executed with a degree of humour hardly equalled, unless in The Rape of the Lock.

Our Author's poetical character, joined with his skill in his profession, his agreeable conversation, and

unaffected good nature, procured him vast practice, introduced him to the acquaintance, and established him in the esteem, of most of the nobility and gentry. Much about the same time he gave a distinguishing instance of his profound knowledge in his profession, his perfect acquaintance with antiquity, and correct taste in Roman eloquence, by a Latin oration, pronounced before the Faculty in Warwick Lane, Sept. 17, 1697, to the great satisfaction of the audience, and the raising his own reputation, as the college register testifies. Pieces of this kind are often composed with peculiar attention to the phrase, the sound of the periods in speaking, and their effect upon the ear: these advantages were by no means neglected in Dr. Garth's performance; but the sentiments, the spirit and style, appeared to still greater advantage in the reading; and the applause with which it was received by its hearers was echoed by those who perused it. This instance is the more singular, as few have been distinguished both as orators and poets.

Cicero, who was not heard by his cotemporaries with greater applause than his works, are now read with admiration, attempted poetry without success; reputation in that kind of writing the Roman orator much desired, but never could compose a line to please himself or any of his friends.

Upon the death of Dryden, in May 1701, by a very strange accident his burial came to depend on the

* See Dryden's Life.

piety of Dr. Garth, who caused the body to be brought to the College of Physicians, proposed, and encouraged by his generous example, a subscription for defraying the expense of the funeral; and, after pronouncing over the corpse a suitable oration, he attended the solemnity to Westminster-Abbey, where at last the remains of that great man were interred in Chaucer's grave. For this memorable act of tenderness and generosity, those who loved the person, or who honoured the parts, of that excellent poet, expressed much gratitude to Dr. Garth. He was one of the most eminent members of a famous society called The Kit-cat Club, which consisted of above thirty noblemen and gentlemen, distinguished by their zealous affection to the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover *. O&A 3, 1702, he was elected one of the Censors of the College of Physicians. In respect to his political principles he was open and warm; and, which was still more to be valued, he was steady and sincere. In the time of Lord Godolphin's administration no body was better received of his rank than Dr. Garth; and no body seemed to have a higher opinion of that minister's integrity and abilities, in which he had, however, the satisfaction of thinking with the public. In 1710, when the Whig ministry was discarded, and his Lordship had an opportunity of distinguishing his own friends from those which were only the friends

* History of the Stewarts, vol. ii. p. 479.

of his power, it could not fail of giving him sensible pleasure to find Dr. Garth early declaring for him, and amongst the first who bestowed upon him the tribute of his Muse, at a time when that nobleman's interest sunk: a situation which would have struck a flatterer dumb. There were some to whom this testimony of gratitude was by no means pleasing, and therefore the Doctor's lines were severely criticised by *The Examiner*, a paper engaged in the defence of the new ministry; but, instead of sinking the credit either of the Author or the verses, they added to the honour of both, by exciting Mr. Addison to draw his pen in their defence. In order to form a judgment both of the Criticism and the Defence, it will be necessary first of all to read the poem to which they refer*, more especially as it is very short, and may be supposed to have been written suddenly; and, at least, as much from the Author's gratitude to his noble patron as a desire of adding to his reputation.

These verses, however they may express the gratitude and candour of the Author, and may contain no more than truth of the personage to whom they are addressed, yet every reader of taste will perceive that the verses are by no means equal to the rest of Dr. Garth's poetical writings. Remarks upon these verses were published in a Letter to *The Examiner*, Sept. 7, 1710. The author observes, "That there does not

* See his Poem addressed to the Earl of Godolphin.

“ appear either poetry, grammar, or design, in the
 “ composition of this poem: the whole (says he) seems
 “ to be, as the sixth edition of The Dispensary happily
 “ expresses it, a strong, unlaboured, impotence of
 “ thought. I freely examine it by the new test of good
 “ poetry which the Doctor himself has established,
 “ Pleasing at first sight. Has this piece the least title
 “ even to that? Or if we compare it to the only pat-
 “ tern, as he thinks, of just writing in this kind, Ovid,
 “ is there any thing in *De Tristibus* so wild, so childish,
 “ so flat? What can the ingenious Doctor mean, or
 “ at what time could he write these verses? Half of
 “ the poem is a panegyric on a Lord Treasurer in
 “ being, and the rest a compliment of condolence to
 “ an Earl that has lost the staff. In thirty lines his
 “ patron is a river, the *primum mobile*, a pilot, a victim,
 “ the sun, any thing, and nothing. He bestows in-
 “ crease, conceals his source, makes the machine move,
 “ teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours,
 “ and looks larger as he sets. Nor is the choice of his
 “ expression less exquisite than that of his similes; for
 “ commerce to run*, passions to be poised, merit to
 “ be received from dependence, and a machine to be
 “ serene, is perfectly new. The Doctor has a happy
 “ talent at invention, and has had the glory of enrich-
 “ ing our language by his phrases as much as he has

* Lines 13, 14, 15, 16, were afterwards altered. See the poem.

"improved medicine by his bills." The critic then proceeds to consider the poem more minutely, and to expose it by enumerating particulars. Mr. Addison, in a Whig Examiner, published Sept. 14, 1710, takes occasion to rally the fierce overbearing spirit of the Tory Examiner, which, he says, has a better title to the name of The Executioner. He then enters into the defence of the Doctor's poem, and observes, "That the phrase of passions being poised, and retrieving merit from dependence, cavilled at by the critics, are beautiful and poetical: it is the same cavilling spirit (says he) that finds fault with that expression of the Pomp of Peace among Woes of War, as well as of Offering Unasked." This general piece of raillery which he passes on the Doctor's considering the Treasurer in several different views is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller; or any other writer who has diversity of thoughts and allusions; and though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust.

Mr. Addison's Answer is, however, upon the whole, rather a palliation than a defence. All the skill of that writer could never make that poetical, or a fine panegyric, which is, in its own nature, removed from the very appearance of poetry; but friendship, good nature, or a coincidence of party, will sometimes engage the greatest men to combat in defence of trifles,

and even against their own judgment, as Dryden finely expresses it in his Address to Congreve,

"Vindicate a friend."

In 1711 Dr. Garth wrote a dedication for an intended edition of Lucretius, addressed to his late Majesty, then Elector of Brunswick, which has been admired as one of the purest compositions in the Latin tongue that our times have produced.

On the accession of that King to the throne he had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his Majesty with the Duke of Marlborough's sword*. He was likewise made physician in ordinary to the King, and physician general to the army. As his known services procured him a great interest with those in power, so his humanity and good nature inclined him to make use of that interest, rather for the support and encouragement of men of letters who had merit than for the advancement of his private fortune, his views in that respect having been always very moderate. He lived with the great in that degree of esteem and independency, and with all that freedom, which became a man possessed of superior genius, and the most shining and valuable talents. His poem entitled *Claremont*, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, printed in the sixth volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, met with great approbation. A warm admirer of the Doctor's, speaking of *Claremont*, thus

* Chron. Diary for A. D. 1714-15.

expresses himself; "It will survive (says he) the noble structure it celebrates, and will remain a perpetual monument of its author's learning, taste, and great capacity, as a poet; since, in that short work, there are innumerable beauties, and a vast variety of sentiments easily and happily interwoven; the most lively strokes of satire being intermixed with the most courtly panegyric, at the same time that there appears the true spirit of enthusiasm, which distinguishes the works of one born a poet from those of a witty or learned man, that has arrived at no higher art than that of making verse*." His knowledge in philosophy, his correct taste in criticism, and his thorough acquaintance in classical literature, with all the advantages that can be derived from an exact but concealed method, an accurate though flowing style, and a language pure, natural, and full of vivacity, appear, says the same panegyrist, in the Preface he prefixed to a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which would have been sufficient to have raised him an immortal reputation, if it had been the only product of his pen.

Dr. Garth is said to have been a man of the most extensive benevolence: that his hand and heart went always together; a circumstance more valuable than all the lustre which genius can confer. We cannot, however, speak of his Works with so much warmth

* Biog. Britan. p. 2135.

as the author just quoted seems to indulge; and tho' they contain many things excellent, judicious, and numerous, yet they will not justify the writer, who dwells upon them in the same rapturous strain of admiration with which we speak of a Horace, a Milton, or a Pope. He had the happiness of an early acquaintance with some of the most powerful, wisest, and wittyest men of the age in which he lived; he attached himself to a party which at last obtained the ascendant; and he was equally successful in his fortune as his friends: persons in these circumstances are seldom praised or censured with moderation.

We have already seen how warmly Mr. Addison espoused the Doctor's writings when they were attacked upon a principle of party; and there are many of the greatest wits of his time who pay him compliments; amongst the rest is Lord Lansdowne, who wrote some verses upon his illness: but as the lines do no great honour either to his Lordship or the Doctor, we forbear to insert them.

The following passage is taken from one of Pope's Letters, written upon the death of Dr. Garth, which we dare say will be more acceptable. "The best natured of men, (says he) Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded his last moments, as

"wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales upon this subject: but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so it was Dr. Garth."

Our Author was censured for his love of pleasure, in which, perhaps, it would be easier to excuse than defend him. But, upon the whole, his character appears to have been very amiable; particularly that of his bearing a tide of prosperity with so much evenness of temper; and his universal benevolence, which seems not to have been cramped with party-principles, as appears from his piety towards the remains of Dryden.

He died, after a short illness, Jan. 18, 1718-19, and was buried the 22d of the same month in the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the county of Middlesex, in a vault he caused to be built for himself and his family*; leaving behind him an only daughter, married to the honourable Colonel William Boyle, a younger son of Colonel Henry Boyle, who was brother to the late, and uncle to the present, Earl of Burlington†. His estates in Warwickshire, Oxfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, are now possessed by his grandson, Henry Boyle, Esq. whose amiable qualities endear him to all who have the happiness of his acquaintance.

* Chronol. Diary, A. D. 1719.

† Collins' Peerage, vol. iv. p. 259.

THE PREFACE.

SINCE this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surpris'd to find it incorrect; tho' I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approv'd of the publisher's precipitation in doing it; for a hurry in the execution generally produces a leisure in reflection: so when we run the fastest we stumble the oftenest. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader; and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics who, I am sure, would have been better pleas'd if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the Fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers: but tho' I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets upon parallel instances to justify the design, yet that I might not introduce any thing that seem'd inconsistent or hard, I started this objection myself to a gentleman very remarkable in this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a Fury as well as Envy: she is imagin'd to be forced by an incantation from her recess, and to be revenged on the exorcist mortifies

him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there, since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the *Lutrin* of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the imputation, unless their quarrel be that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Moleste, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto: the sense of which line is entirely his; and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem I will undertake to shew them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful; nor had I ever attempted any thing

in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily, (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy President to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union, and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, tho' none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of effecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

○ The original of this difference has been of some standing, tho' it did not break out to fury and excess till the time of erecting The Dispensary, being an apartment in the college set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a treatise, set forth by the authority of the President and Censors, in the year 1697: it is called, "A short

"account of the proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the sick Poor." The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient members, of the society, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this Preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the Author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends against the dignity of their own profession: but if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in The Dispensary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines, and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the Author too undecently reflecting thro' the whole, who being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the

miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance which the Town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry should give offence, being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression either upon the reader or the person it is applied to; being one that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one it is my reader; but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

The copy of an Instrument, subscribed by the President, Censor, most of the Elects, Senior Fellows, Candidates, &c. of the College of Physicians, in relation to the sick poor.

WHEREAS the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines *gratis* to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent, as also proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, court of Aldermen, and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual, for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here under-written, Fellows and Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the President and College declared in their *comitia*, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the sum of ten pounds a-piece of lawful money of England, by such proportions, and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such

orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, <i>Preses.</i>	Charles Goodall.
Tho. Barwell, <i>Elect.</i> and	Edm. King.
<i>Censor.</i>	Sam. Garth.
Sam. Collins, <i>Elect.</i>	Barnh. Sporne.
Edw. Browne, <i>Elect.</i>	Denton Nicholas.
Rich. Torlefs, <i>Elect.</i> and	Joseph Gaylard.
<i>Censor.</i>	John Woollaston.
Edw. Hulse, <i>Elect.</i>	Steph. Hunt.
Tho. Gill, <i>Censor.</i>	Oliver Horseman.
Will. Dawes, <i>Censor.</i>	Rich. Morton, <i>jun.</i>
Jo. Hutton.	David Hamilton.
Rob. Brady.	Hen. Morelli.
Hans Sloane.	Walter Harris.
Rich. Morton.	William Briggs.
John Hawys.	Th. Colladon.
Ch. Harel.	Martin Lister.
Rich. Robinson.	Jo. Colbatch.
John Bateman.	Bernard Connor.
Walter Mills.	W. Cockburn.
Dan. Coxe.	J. le Feure.
Henry Sampson.	P. Sylvestre.
Thomas Gibson.	Cha. Morton.

Walter Charlton.	Sam. Morris.
Phineas Fowke.	John Woodward.
Tho. Alvery.	— Norris.
Robt. Gray.	George Colebrook.
John Wright.	Gideon Harvey.
James Drake.	

The design of printing the subscribers' names is to shew that the late undertaking has the sanction of a College act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

John Woodhouse.	Edw. Halls, Esq.
John Woodhouse.	Thos. Gill, Esq.
John Woodhouse.	Wm. Dawes, Esq.
John Woodhouse.	Jo. Hinton.
John Woodhouse.	Robt. Brady.
John Woodhouse.	Edw. Sloane.
John Woodhouse.	Rich. Norton.
John Woodhouse.	John Hawes.
John Woodhouse.	Ch. Harg.
John Woodhouse.	Rich. Robinson.
John Woodhouse.	John Newman.
John Woodhouse.	Walter Mills.
John Woodhouse.	Edw. Cox.
John Woodhouse.	Henry Sampson.
John Woodhouse.	Thomas Gibson.

TO ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a dedication than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered when it labours most to be concealed.

It is hard that to think well of you should be but justice, and to tell you so should be an offence: thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues, and to gratify one good quality do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences, and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression: but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But tho' I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions, those more polite arts, which till of late have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers, insomuch that sculpture now breathes, painting speaks, music ravishes; and, as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself; but you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more would be uneasy to you, and to say less would be unjust in

Your humble servant.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much calmness in the expression: but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgements would be unjust to a person who even seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But should I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions, those more positive arts, which ill of late have languished and decayed, would appear under the pretence of modesty and own you for one of those generous reprobates, inasmuch that scripture now teaches, praising speaks, needs civilities; and, as you wish to retain our love, you distinguish your own

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

TO DR. GARTH,

UPON THE DISPENSARY.

Oh that some genius, whose poetic vein,
Like Montague's, could a just piece sustain,
Would search the Grecian and the Latin store,
And thence present thee with the purest ore;
In lasting numbers praise thy whole design,
And manly beauty of each nervous line;
Show how your pointed satire's sterling wit
Does only knaves or formal blockheads hit;
Who're gravely dull, insipidly serene,
And carry all their wisdom in their mien;
To Whom thus expos'd, thus stripp'd of their disguise,
None will again admire, most will despise:
Show in what noble verse Nassau you sing,
How such a poet's worthy such a king.
When Somers' charming eloquence you praise,
15 How loftily your tuneful voice you raise!
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit
To praise as imitate what you have writ.
Artists alone should venture to commend
What Dennis can't condemn nor Dryden mend;
20 What must, writ with that fire and with that ease,
The beaux, the ladies, and the critics, please!
22

C. BOYLE.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS POEM.

Ask me not, Friend, what I approve or blame; }
 Perhaps I know not why I like or damn; }
 I can be pleas'd, and I dare own I am. }
 I read thee over with a lover's eye; }
 Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy: 5 }
 Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I. }
 Critics and aged beaus, of fancy chaste, }
 Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past, }
 Must judge by rules what they want force to taste. }
 I would a poet like a mistress try, 10 }
 Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye, }
 But by some nameless pow'r to give me joy. }
 The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's, }
 If with resistless fires my soul she warms, [charms, }
 With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms. }
 Such is thy genius, and such art is thine, 16 }
 Some secret magic works in ev'ry line; }
 We judge not, but we feel the pow'r divine. }
 Where all is just, is beauteous, and is fair, }
 Distinctions vanish of peculiar air. 20 }
 Lost in our pleasure, we enjoy in you }
 Lucretius, Horace, Sheffield, Montaguë. }
 And yet 't is thought some critics in this Town, }
 By rules to all but to themselves unknown, }
 Will damn thy verse and justify their ow 25 }

Why, let them damn: were it not wondrous hard
 Facetious Mirmil * and the city bard,
 So near ally'd in learning, wit, and skill,
 Should not have leave to judge as well as kill?
 Nay, let them write; let them their forces join, 30
 And hope the motley piece may rival thine.
 Safely despise their malice and their toil,
 Which vulgar ears alone will reach, and will defile.
 Be it thy gen'rous pride to please the best,
 Whose judgment and whose friendship is a test. 35
 With learned Hans thy healing cares be join'd;
 Search thoughtful Ratcliffe to his inmost mind;
 Unite, restore your arts, and save mankind;
 Whilst all the busy Mirmils of the Town
 Envy our health, and pine away their own. 40
 Whene'er thou wouldst a tempting Muse engage,
 Judicious Walsh can best direct her rage:
 To Somers and to Dorset too submit,
 And let their stamp immortalize thy wit:
 Consenting Phœbus bows if they approve,
 And ranks thee with the foremost bards above.
 Whilst these of right the deathless laurel send,
 Be it my humble bus'ness to commend
 The faithful, honest man, and the well-natur'd
 friend.

CHR. CODRINGTON.

* Dr. Gibbons.

Cij

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

THE AUTHOR OF THE DISPENSARY.

To praise your healing art would be in vain;
The health you give prevents the poet's pen;
Sufficiently confirm'd is your renown,
And I but fill the chorus of the Town:
That let me wave, and only now admire
The dazzling rays of your poetic fire,
Which its diffusive virtue does dispense
In flowing verse and elevated sense.

The Town, which long has swallow'd foolish verse,
Which poetasters every where rehearse,
Will mend their judgment now, refine their taste,
And gather up th' applause they threw in waste.
The playhouse shan't encourage false sublime,
Abortive thoughts with decoration-rhyme.

The satire of vile scribblers shall appear
On none except upon themselves severe;
While your's contemns the gall of vulgar spite,
And when you seem to smile the most you bite.

THO. CHEEK.

TO MY FRIEND,
UPON THE DISPENSARY.

As when the people of the northern zone
Find the approach of the revolving sun,
Pleas'd and reviv'd, they see the new-born light,
And dread no more eternity of night:

Thus we, who lately, as of summer's heat, 5
 Have felt a dearth of poetry and wit,
 Once fear'd Apollo would return no more
 From warmer climes to an ungrateful shore.
 But you, the fav'rite of the tuneful Nine,
 Have made the god in his full lustre shine; 10
 Our night have chang'd into a glorious day,
 And reach'd perfection in your first essay:
 So the young eagle, that his force would try,
 Faces the sun, and tow'rs it to the sky.
 Others proceed to art by slow degrees, 15
 Awkward at first, at length they faintly please;
 And still whate'er their first efforts produce,
 'Tis an abortive or an infant Muse;
 Whilst your's, like Pallas, from the head of Jove,
 Steps out full grown, with noblest pace to move. 20
 What ancient poets to their subjects owe
 Is here inverted, and this owes to you:
 You found it little, but have made it great;
 They could describe, but you alone create.
 Now let your Muse rise with expanded wings, 25
 To sing the fate of empires and of kings;
 Great William's victories she'll next rehearse,
 And raise a trophy of immortal verse:
 Thus to your art proportion the design,
 And mighty things with mighty numbers join,
 A second Namur or a future Boyne. 31 }

H. BLOUNT.

THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN

TO DR. GARTH, UPON THE LOSS OF MISS DINGLE;

In return to the Doctor's Consolatory verses to him upon the loss of his Rod.*

THOU, who the pangs of my embitter'd rage
 Couldst, with thy never-dying verse, assuage;
 Immortal verse, secure to live as long
 As that curs'd prose that did condemn thy song
 Thou, happy Bard! whose double-gifted pen,
 Alike can cure an akeing corn or spleen;
 Whose lucky hand administers repose
 As well to breaking heart as broken nose;
 Accept this tribute: think it all I had,
 In recompense of thine, when I was sad
 What tho' it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,
 Bad at the best, grown worse by long disuse?
 In silence lost, since once I did complain
 Of Wiv—I's cold neglect in humble strain;
 When, check'd by slavish conscience, she deny'd
 To throw aside the niece and act the bride:
 Yet sure I may be thought among the throng
 If not to sing, to whistle out a song:
 Then take the kind remembrance of my verse,
 While Dingle's loss with sorrow I rehearse.
 Dingle is lost! the hollow caves resound
 Dingle is lost! and multiply the found;

* See the Doctor's poem to the Earl of Godolphin.

Till Echo, chanting it by just degree,
Shortens to Ding, then softens it to D.

Dingle is lost! where's now the parent's care, 25
The boasted force of piety and prayer?
No more shall she within thy spacious hall
Lead up the dance, and animate the ball;
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage
Under the roof to Whartonize the age. 30

Train'd by thy care, by thy example led,
Early she learn'd to scorn the nuptial bed;
In vain by thy advice enlarg'd her mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her kind:
For Dingle thou didst bless the nether skies, 35
In hopes a mingled race might once arise
To sooth thy hoary age, and close thy dying eyes.

Learn, ye indulging Parents! learn from hence:
Think not compliance e'er will influence.
The fifth command alone you did enjoin, 40
And frankly gave her up the other nine:
Yet she, tho' that, and that alone, was press'd,
Regardless of your will, the fifth transgress'd.
But, oh! my friend, consider, tho' she's gone, 45
She left no coffers empty but her own;
Her mind, that did direct the great machine,
Mov'd, like the universe, by springs unseen;
And, tho' from thy instructions she retreats,
Her globe of light grows larger as she sets:

For nought could brighter make her lustre shine 130
Than to withdraw and single it from thine:
Then think of this; and pardon, when you see
Those virtues you so late admir'd in me. 133

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick! in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whose art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge or the general fire:
More lives he saves than perish in our wars;
And faster than a plague destroys repairs:
The bold carouser and advent'ring dame
Nor fear the fever nor refuse the flame:
Safe in his skill, from all restraint set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, and piety.
Sire of all arts! defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life's so much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And, by restoring Garth, preserve mankind. 14

THE DISPENSARY.

IN SIX CANTOS.

—Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,

HOR. de Arte Poet.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddess! since 't is thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell,
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,*
Where angry Justice shews her awful face,
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
There stands a dome †, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill.
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;

* Old Bailey.

† College of Physicians.

In all her mazes Nature's face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd their search pursu'd. 20
 Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
 Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
 But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes. }

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
 Of infant atoms kindling into life; 25

How ductile matter new meanders takes,
 And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
 And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
 By just degrees to harden into bone;
 While the more loose flow from the vital urn, 30

And in full tides of purple streams return;
 How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
 And dart in emanations thro' the eyes;
 How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
 To flake a ferv'rish heat with ambient show'rs; 35

Whence their mechanic pow'rs the spirits claim;
 How great their force, how delicate their frame;
 How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
 Why bileous juice a golden light puts on, 40

And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
 How the dim speck of entity began
 T' extend its recent form and stretch to man;
 To how minute an origin we owe
 Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau; 45

*Var. ver. 20.] ----- they still pursu'd.
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain.*

Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim;
 And why chill virgins redden into flame;
 Why Envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
 All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia fire,
 Why Southwell rages to survive desire;
 Whence Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's shown,
 Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
 How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
 Or idiots frames or solemn senators.

Hence 't is we wait the wondrous cause to find
 How body acts upon impassive mind;
 How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
 Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
 Why our complexions oft' our soul declare,
 And how the passions in the features are;
 How touch and harmony arise between
 Corporeal figure and a form unseen;
 How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
 And act at ev'ry summons of the will:
 With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
 Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descry'd—
 Mean faction reigns where knowledge should pre-
 Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside. [side;
 Thus synods oft' concern for faith conceal,
 And for important nothings show a zeal;

[Var. ver. 53.] Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
 Why Methwin muddy, Montague why clear.

The drooping sciences neglected pine,
 And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine:
 No readers here with hectic looks are found,
 Nor eyes in rheum thro' midnight-watching drown'd;
 The lonely edifice in sweats complains
 That nothing there but fullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
 The god of Sloth for his asylum chose;
 Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
 Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
 Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
 With murmurs of soft rills and whisp'ring trees;
 The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
 Their drowzy virtue and dull indolence;
 No passions interrupt his easy reign;
 No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
 But dark Oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
 And lazy fogs hang ling'ring o'er his head. 90

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
 Batt'ning in ease and slumb'ring life away,
 A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
 Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First some to cleave the stubborn flint * engage, 95
 Till urg'd by blows it sparkles into rage;
 Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
 These furnaces erect, and those approve.
 Here phials in nice discipline are set,
 There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet: 100

* The building of The Dispensary.

In this place magazines of pills you spy;
 In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
 While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
 Descend in peals, and civil wars declare:
 Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
 And aromatic clouds in spires ascend. 106

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
 And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat,
 From the volcanoes gross eruptions rise,
 And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies. 110

The slumb'ring god, amaz'd at this new din,
 Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again;
 Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
 Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs.

“How impotent a deity am I!
 “With godhead born, but curs'd that cannot die!
 “Thro' my indulgence mortals hourly share
 “A grateful negligence and ease from care:
 “Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
 “The northern monarchs from the dusty field? 120
 “How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
 “From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
 “Hibernia owes the mildness of my reign,
 “And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
 “I swains to sylvan solitudes convey, 125
 “Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
 “In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

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"I swains to sylvan solitudes convey, 125

"Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away.

"In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.

" What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown;
 " Some rev'rend worthies of the gown can own;
 " Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace, 130
 " Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face;
 " How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
 " When big they strut behind a double chin!
 " Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
 " Aspiring to be venerably dull: 135
 " No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
 " Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
 " But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
 " So wither green, and blossom in decay. 139
 " Deep sunk in down they, by my gentle care,
 " Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air, [pray'r. }
 " And leave to tatter'd Crape * the drudgery of }
 " Urin † was civil, and not void of sense,
 " Had humour and a courteous confidence;
 " So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks, 145
 " The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
 " He pass'd his easy hours, instead of pray'r,
 " In madrigals, and phillising the fair;
 " Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
 " And soon as the desert appear'd withdrew; 150
 " Always obliging, and without offence,
 " And fancy'd for his gay impertinence.

* See Boil. Lüt.

† Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

"But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
 "He threw off my dominion and would read;
 "Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well; 155
 "In convocation-language could excel;
 "In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
 "By nothing guarded but by Providence;
 "How grace and moderation disagree,
 "And violence advances charity: 160
 "Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
 "A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.
 "Mankind my fond propitious pow'r has try'd
 "Too oft to own, too much to be deny'd;
 "And all I ask are shades and silent bow'rs, 165
 "To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours:
 "Oft' have my fears some distant villa chose,
 "O'er their quiet where fat judges dose,
 "And lull their cough and conscience to repose: }
 "Or if some cloister's refuge I implore, 170
 "Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,

*Var. ver. 170.] Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
 Where solitary bats and swallows sleep;
 Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
 Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
 Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
 Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
 Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace,
 And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
 I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
 Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell,
 That rest might past tranquillity restore,
 And mortal never interrupt me more.*

"The peals of Nassau's * arms these eyes unclose,
 "Mine he molests to give the world repose;
 "That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
 "His couch a trench, his canopy the skies: 175
 "Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
 "Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole:
 "With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
 "And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies."

But as the slothful god to yawn begun 180
 He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on.

"'T was in this rev'rend dome I sought repose;
 "These walls were that asylum I had chose:
 "Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
 "And laugh'd at heroes and their glorious toils: 185
 "My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
 "With easy insignificance of thought;
 "But now some busy enterprising brain
 "Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
 "And labours to dissolve my easy reign." 190

With that the god his darling phantom calls,
 And from his falt'ring lips this message falls:

"Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
 "Who has the greatest empire, they or I.

* See Boil. Lut. [sound,
 Var. ver. 183.] Nought underneath this roof but damps are
 Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round.
 Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
 And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

"Find Envy out; some prince's court attend," 195

"Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;

"Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;

"Or where stale maids or meagre cunnuchs dwell.

"Tell the bleak Fury what new projects reign

"Among the homicides of Warwick-Lanc, 200

"And what th' event, unless she straight inclines

"To blast their hopes and baffle their designs."

More he had spoke; but sudden vapours rise,

And with their filken cords tie down his eyes. 204

CANTO II.

Soon as the ev'ning veil'd the mountains' heads,

And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds,

Whilst sick'ning flow'rs drink up the silver dew,

And beaus for some assembly dress anew,

The city saints to pray'rs and playhouse haste;

The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest,

Th' officious phantom then prepar'd, with care,

To slide on tender pinions thro' the air:

Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,

And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak; 10

At length approaching where bleak Envy lay,

The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.

Var. ver. 197.] Or in cabals or camps, or at the bar,

Or where ill poets pennyless confer,

Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew
 That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew,
 No verdant beauty entertains the sight, 15
 But baneful hemlock and cold aconite;
 In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
 Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day;
 But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
 When Accius has applause Dorsennus shows. 20
 The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
 And basilisks fate brooding in her look;
 A bald and bloated toadstool rais'd her head;
 The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
 From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall, 25
 And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
 Volcanoes labour thus with inward pains,
 Whilst seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.

Around the fiend in hideous order sat
 Foul bawling Infamy and bold Debate, 30
 Gruff Discontent, thro' Ignorance misled,
 And clam'rous Faction at her party's head,
 Restless Sedition, still dissembling fear,
 And sly Hypocrisy with pious leer*.

Glouting with sullen spite the Fury shook 35
 Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look,
 Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls
 Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrolls,
 And as the rent records in pieces fell,
 Each scrap did some immortal action tell. 40

* See Dryden's Fables.

This show'd how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
That the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian Eagles here their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay:
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the Capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave:
Great Cyrus here the Medes and Persians join,
And there th' immortal battle of the Boyne.

As the light messenger the Fury spy'd,
A while his curdling blood forgot to glide,
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And falt'ring accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.

The hag lay long, revolving what might be
The blest'd event of such an embassy,
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm. 60
Thus she—"Mankind are blest'd; they riot still
"Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.

Var. ver. 61.] Then she—"Alas! how long in vain have I

"Aim'd at those noble ills the Fates deny?

"Within this isle for ever must I find

"Disasters to distract my restless mind?

"Good Tenison's celestial piety

"At last has rais'd him to the sacred see;

"Somers does sick'ning equity restore,

"And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more;

" By devastation the rough warrior gains,
 " And farmers fatten most when famine reigns;
 " For sickly seasons the physicians wait, 65
 " And politicians thrive in broils of state;
 " The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
 " And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

" Each other being some indulgence knows;
 " Few are my joys, but infinite my woes. 70
 " My present pain Britannia's Genius wills,
 " And thus the Fates record my future ills.

" A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear, [pray'r.
 " With arms shall vanquish earth, and heav'n with
 " She on the world her clemency shall show'r, 75
 " And only to preserve exert her pow'r.
 " Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
 " And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear*.

" Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings;
 " He spoke, and Peace clapp'd her triumphant wings;
 " Great Ormond shines illustriously bright
 " With blazes of hereditary right;
 " The noble ardour of a royal fire
 " Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire;
 " And Macclesfield is active to defend
 " His country with the zeal he loves his friend;
 " Like Leda's radiant sons, divinely clear,
 " Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear }
 " To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere;
 " Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
 " Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
 " And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
 " Whilst Faction peeps abroad, and Anarchy awakes.
 * In Ætna were forged the thunderbolts which Jove em-
 ployed against the ambition of the giants.

"Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
 "The happy enterprizes of the great,
 "I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
 "And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings."

She said; and straight shrill Colon's * person took;
 In morals loose, but most precise in look;
 Blackfriars' annals lately pleas'd to call
 Him Warden of Apothecaries' Hall;
 And when so dignify'd did not forbear
 That operation which the learn'd declare
 Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
 In trifling show his tinsel talent lies,
 And form the want of intellects supplies.
 In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
 Rever'd as patriarchs in primeval years:
 Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
 A barren superfluity of words:
 The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
 Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.

The Fury, thus assuming Colon's grace,
 So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace:
 Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
 Where Horoscope † invokes th' infernal gods,
 And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
 For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

* Lee, an apothecary. [Var. ver. 95.] In haste he slides along, to recompense

The want of bus'ness with its vain pretence.

† Dr. Barnard.

This visionary various projects tries,
 And knows that to be rich is to be wise.
 By useful observations he can tell
 The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;
 How gold makes a Patrician of a slave,
 A dwarf an Atlas, a Therites brave:
 It cancels all defects, and in their place
 Finds sense in Brownlowe, charms in Lady Grace;
 It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
 No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
 To this lov'd idol 't is alone he bows,
 And fancies such bright heraldry can prove
 The vile plebeian but the third from Jove?

Long has he been of that amphibious fry
 Bold to prescribe and busy to apply.
 His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
 With foreign trinkets and domestic toys.
 Here mummies lay most reverently stale,
 And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
 Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
 The flying fish their finny pinions spread:
 Aloft, in rows, large poppy-heads were strung,
 And near a scaly alligator hung:
 In this place drugs in musty heaps decay'd,
 In that dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid:

An inner room receives the num'rous shoals
 Of such as pay to be reputed fools.

* Lady Grace Pierpoint.

Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage in velvet chair here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees;
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of foretels.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on :
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.
Some by what means they may redress their wrong,
When fathers the possession keep too long ;
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful Nature gave ;
And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son ;
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters chuse,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame :
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hothouse he prefers to Julia's arms :
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.

Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees, 160
And wonders at the senseless mysteries:

In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope, environ'd by the crowd.

"Forbear, forbear! thy vain amusements cease,

"Thy woodcocks from their gins a while release, 165

"And to that dire misfortune listen well,

"Which thou shouldst fear to know or I to tell.

"Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me

"The great Alcides of our company.

"When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease 170

"Ourselves from all parochial offices,

"And to our wealthier patients left the care

"And draggled dignity of scavenger,

"Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,

"Nought could be equal but the great success. 175

"Now call to mind thy gen'rous prowess past,

"Be what thou shouldst, by thinking what thou wast!

"The Faculty of Warwick Lane design

"If not to storm at least to undermine:

"Their gates each day ten thousand nightcaps crowd,

"And mortars utter their attempts aloud: 181

"If they should once unmask our mystery,

"Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we; and

"Our art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,

"And none, in complaisance to us, would die. 185

"What if we claim their right t' assassinate,

"Must they needs turn apothecaries straight? 190

" Prevent it, Gods! all stratagems we try
 " To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
 " 'Tis we who wait the Destinies' command
 " To purge the troubled air and weed the land;
 " And dare the College insolently aim
 " To equal our fraternity in fame?
 " Then let crabs' eyes with pearl for virtue try,
 " Or Highgate-Hill with lofty Pindus vie;
 " So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams;
 " And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's streams.
 " Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
 " And their true value treacherously tell;
 " Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
 " That health, than crowns more valu'd, cost not
 much;

" Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
 " To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools."

At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
 In silence tumbled from his chair of state;
 The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
 And left the Magus fainting on the floor;
 Whilst in his breast the Fury breath'd a storm,
 Then sought her cell, and reassum'd her form.
 Thus from the sore altho' the insect flies,
 It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.

*Var. ver. 202.] Whilst we, at our expense, must persevere,
 And, for another world, be ruin'd here.*

Officious Squirt* in haste forsook his shop,
 To succour the expiring Horoscope.
 Oft' he essay'd the Magus to restore,
 By salt of succinum's prevailing pow'r; 215
 Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
 An image of scarce animated clay,
 Till Pates, indulgent when disasters call,
 By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal :
 The wight no sooner did the steam receive, 220
 But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative :
 The springs of life their former vigour feel;
 Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
 So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
 He knew the sea-weed scent, and th' azure goddess
 own'd. 225

CANTO III.

ALL night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
 Complaining of the slow approach of day;
 Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
 Of what shrill Colon said the day before;
 Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread, 5
 And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
 But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
 Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies;
 Tumult'ous cares lay rolling in his breast,
 And thus his anxious thoughts the sage exprest. 10

* Dr. Barnard's man.

" Oft' has this planet roll'd around the sun;
" Since to consult the skies I first begun;
" Such my applause, so mighty my success,
" Some granted my predictions more than guess:
" But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
" This faith, there can be no mistake in gain;
" For the dull world most honour pay to those
" Who on their understanding most impose.
" First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
" Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
" He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
" You'll ne'er convince a fool himself is so:
" He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
" And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
" So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye
" Which no existence has but in the eye;
" As distant prospects please us, but when near
" We find but desert rocks and fleeting air:
" From stratagem to stratagem we run,
" And he knows most who latest is undone.
" Mankind one day serene and free appear,
" The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
" New passions new opinions still excite,
" And what they like at noon they leave at night;
" They gain with labour what they quit with ease,
" And health, for want of change, becomes disease:
" Religion's bright authority they dare,
" And yet are slaves to superstitious fear;

" They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
 " And tho' they're cozen'd still they still believe: 40
 " So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
 " This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.
 " Shall I then who, with penetrating sight,
 " Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
 " Who, with unfaſhion'd ſearches, hourly pierce 45
 " The dark recesses of the univerſe,
 " Be aw'd if puny emmets would oppreſs,
 " Or fear their fury, or their name careleſs!
 " If all the fiends that in low darkneſs reign
 " Be not the fictions of a ſickly brain, 50
 " That project The Dispensary* they call,
 " Before the moon can blunt her horns, ſhall fall."
 " With that a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
 " Shoots thro' the cryſtal kingdoms of the ſkies;
 " The ſavage kind in forests ceaſe to roam, 55
 " And ſots, o'ercharg'd with nauſeous loads, reel home:
 " Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the ſlumbering pair,
 " Whiſt bridegroom ſighs, and thinks the bride leſs fair:
 " Light's cheerful ſmiles o'er th' azure waſte are ſpread,
 " And Miſs from Inns of Court bolts out unpaid: 60
 " The ſage tranſported, at th' approaching hour
 " Imperiouſly thrice thunder'd on the floor;
 " Officious Squirt that moment had accels,
 " His truſt was great, his vigilance no leſs:
 " To him thus Horoſcope. 65

* Medicines made up there for the uſe of the poor.

" My kind companion in this dire affair,
 " Which is more light since you assume a share,
 " Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
 " When clyster was in danger to be cold;
 " With expedition on the beadle call,
 " To summon all the Company to the Hall." 70

Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
 Swift as from phial steams of hartshorn rise:
 The Magus in the int'rim mumbles o'er
 Vile terms of art to some infernal pow'r, 75 }
 And draws mysterious circles on the floor;
 But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
 Ascends to blast the tender bloom of light;
 No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb
 In dusky exhalations upwards come. 80
 And now to raise an altar he decrees
 To that devouring Harpy call'd Disease;
 Then flow'rs in canisters he hastes to bring,
 The wither'd product of a blighted spring,
 With cold solanum from the Pontic shore, 85
 The roots of mandrake, and black hellebore,
 The griper senna, and the puker rue,
 The sweet'ner saffrafras are added too;
 And on the structure next he heaps a load
 Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood; 90
 Gums, fossils too the pyramid increast,
 A mummy next, once monarch of the East;

Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.

Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smoth'ring fogs of smoke benight the fire:

With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent.

"Disease! thou ever most propitious pow'r,

"Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour,

"Thou well canst boast thy num'rous pedigree,

"Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.

"In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,

"But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.

"To you such might and energy belong,

"You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong;

"The purple conqueror in chains you bind,

"And are to us your vassals only kind.

"If, in return, all diligence we pay

"To fix your empire and confirm your sway,

"Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,

"From Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's Pound,

"Behold this poor libation with a smile,

"And let auspicious light break thro' the pile."

He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid

Bay leaves and vipers' hearts, and thus he said:

"As these consume in this mysterious fire,

"So let the curs'd Dispensary * expire;

Var. ver. 102.] Thou that wouldst lay whole states and regions

Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast. [waste

* See the allusion, Theoc. Farm.

“ And as those crackle in the flames and die,
 “ So let its vessels burst and glasses fly.” 120
 But a snifter cricket straight was heard,
 The altar fell, the off’ring disappear’d.
 As the fam’d wight the omen did regret,
 Squirt brought the news the Company was met.

Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in fable streams,
 To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames, 126
 There stands a structure * on a rising hill,
 Where tyros take there freedom out to kill.
 Some pictures in these dreadful thambles tell
 How, by the Delian god, the Python fell; 130
 And how Medea did the philter brew
 That could in Æson’s veins young force renew;
 How mournful Myrrha† for her crimes appears,
 And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;
 How Mentha and Althea, Nymphs no more, 135
 Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
 How sanguine swains their am’rous hours repent,
 When pleasure’s past, and pains are permanent;
 And how frail Nymphs, oft’ by abortion, aim
 To lose a substance to preserve a name. 140

Soon as each member in his rank was plac’d,
 Th’ assembly Diasenna || thus address’d.
 “ My kind confed’rates! if my poor intent,
 “ As ’t is sincere, had been but prevalent,

* Apothecaries’ Hall. † See Ovid. Met.

|| Gilford, an apothecary.

" We here had met on some more safe design, 145
 " And on no other bus'ness but to dine;
 " The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
 " And int'rest then had bid us but obey:
 " This only emulation we had known,
 " Who best could fill his purse and thin the Town. 150
 " But now from gath'ring clouds destruction pours,
 " Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
 " Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
 " Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
 " Know when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
 " The winners will be losers at the last. 156
 " Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown,
 " To fire some hostile ship we burn our own.
 " Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, describes
 " He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes. 160
 " That juggler which another's sleight will show,
 " But teaches how the world his own may know.
 " Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
 " When dear as Burgundy ptisans were sold;
 " When patients chose to die with better will 165
 " Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
 " And cheaper than for our assistance call,
 " Might go to Aix or Bourbon spring and fall.
 " Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
 " Churchmen the church's purity betray'd, 170
 " Their lives and doctrine slaves and Atheists made.
 " The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
 " Juries were sway'd by venal evidence;

" Fools were promoted to the council-board;
 " Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword: 173
 " Pensions in private were the senate's aim,
 " And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
 " But now no influencing art remains,
 " For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns;
 " And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow, 180
 " And suffer by a reformation too:
 " For now late jars our practices detect,
 " And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
 " Diffensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 " Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run: 185
 " So lines that from their parallel decline,
 " More they proceed the more they still disjoin.
 " 'Tis therefore my advice in haste we send,
 " And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
 " Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end. }
 " So awful beaules, if the vagrant treat, 191
 " Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
 " In vain we but contend; that planet's pow'r
 " Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.

Var. ver. 182.] But now late jars our practices detect,
 For mines, when once discover'd, lose th' effect.
 Diffensions, like small streams, are first begun,
 Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
 So lines that from their parallel decline,
 More they advance the more they still disjoin.
 'Tis therefore my advice in haste we send,
 And beg the Faculty to be our friend.
 As he revolving flood to say the rest,
 Rough Colocynthus thus his rage exprest.

As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
 Keen Colocynthus * paus'd and foam'd with spite :
 Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
 Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim :
 Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
 Or nose should redden in the drawing-room, 200
 Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
 Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.

Thus he—"Thou scandal of great Pæan's art !
 " At thy approach the springs of Nature start,
 " The nerves unbrace; nay, at the sight of thee 205
 " A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
 " Couldst thou propose that we, the friends of Fates,
 " Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
 " Who baffle Nature, and dispose of lives,
 " Whilst Ruffet † as we please or starves or thrives,
 " Should e'er submit to their despotic will, 211
 " Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
 " The tow'ring Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
 " And leeches in our glasses swell to whales;
 " Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel, 215
 " And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal;
 " Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
 " And Monmouth-street Versailles with ridinghoods;
 " The sick to th' Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
 " And change the gravel-pits for Kentish air. 220

* Dare, an apothecary.

† A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

- " Our properties must on our arms depend ;
" 'Tis next to conquer bravely to defend :
" 'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears ;
" The ill we feel is only in our fears.
 " To die is landing on some silent shore, 225
" Where billows never break nor tempests roar :
" Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 't is o'er. }
" The wise, thro' thought, th' insults of death defy,
" The fools thro' blest'd insensibility.
" 'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave, 230
" Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave :
" It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
" And, tho' a tyrant, offers liberty.
 " Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
" Our force increases as our funds grow less ; 235
" And what requir'd such industry to raise
" We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
" Thus they'll acknowledge to annihilate
" Shews no less wondrous pow'r than to create.
" We'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose 240
" The feeble forces of our pygmy foes :
" Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
" From great Kirlens down to Doctor Case.
" Tho' such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise ;
" Directors still secure the greatest prize. 245
" Such poor supports serve only like a stay ;
" The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
 " So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
" Forget the fury of the late disease ;

" On dangers past serenely think no more,

" And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.

" Arm, therefore, gallant friends! 'tis honour's call;

" Or let us boldly fight or bravely fall."

To this the session seem'd to give consent,

Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.

At length, the growing diff'rence to compose,

Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides†, arose.

Both had the volubility of tongue,

In meaning faint, but in opinion strong;

To speak they both assum'd a like pretence;

The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.

Thus he. " 'Tis true, when privilege and right

" Are once invaded, honour bids us fight;

" But ere we once engage in honour's cause,

" First know what honour is, and whence it was.

" Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,

" The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.

" Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,

" And both exists by hope and by despair;

" Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,

" And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.

" It lives when in Death's arms the hero lies,

" But when his safety he consults it dies.

" Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim

" Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name."

* The Pearcea, apothecaries.

"Then let us to the field before we move, 276
 "Know if the gods our enterprize approve:
 "Suppose th' unthinking Faculty unveil
 "What we, thro' wiser conduct, would conceal,
 "Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass 280
 "That shews the monstrous features of our face?
 "Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
 "Thought fit an innovation to create,
 "Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:
 "Tho' projects please, projectors are undone. 285
 "All novelties must this success expect,
 "When good our envy, and when bad neglect.
 "If reason could direct, ere now each gate
 "Had borne some trophy of triumphal state;
 "Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe 290
 "Troy and Namar to Jove and to Nassau.
 "Then since no veneration is allow'd
 "Or to the real or th' appearing good,
 "The project that we vainly apprehend
 "Must as it blindly rose as vilely end. 295
 "Some members of the Faculty there are
 "Who int'rest prudently to oaths prefer;
 "Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
 "And boast their politics are our support:
 "Them we'll consult about this enterprize, 300
 "And boldly execute what they advise."

*Var. ver. 287.] If things of use were valu'd, there had been
 Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.*

F

But from below, while such resolves they took,
 Some *aurum fulminans* the fabric * shook:
 The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
 Regard their safety, and their rage forget. 305
 So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
 To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove,
 Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd
 The trembling rebels in confusion fled. 309

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre
 Where wand'ring punks each night at five repair;
 Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
 And rule imaginary worlds for bread;
 Where Bentely † by old writers weakly grew, 5
 And Briscoe † lately was undone by new;
 There triumphs a physician of renown,
 To none but such as rust in health unknown:
 None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
 His known experience and his healing art. 10
 When Burgefs deafens all the list'ning press
 With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
 Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
 To preach his parish to a lethargy;
 This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease 15
 The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.

* The room the apothecaries meet in is over the laboratory.

† Two booksellers.

Long has this darling quarter of the Town
 For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known
 All sorts meet here, of whatso'er degree,
 To blend and jostle into harmony.
 The critics each advent'rous author scan,
 And praise or censure as they like the man;
 The weeds of writings for the flow'rs they cull,
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
 The politicians of Parnassus prate,
 And poets canvass the affairs of state:
 The city ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
 How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell:
 The country dames drive to Hippolito's,
 First find a spark, and after lose a nose:
 The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
 He grows a madman, and then turns a wit:
 And in the cloister penfive Strephon waits
 Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
 And if th' ungen'rous nymph a shaft lets fly,
 More fatally than from a sparkling eye
 Mirmillo *, that sam'd opifer, is nigh.
 The trading tribe oft' thither throng to dine,
 And want of elbow-room supply in wine,
 Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
 Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
 'Twas here the champions of the party met,
 Of their heroic enterprize to treat:

* Dr. Gibbons.

Each hero with tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo, in these words begun. 45

" 'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;

" No grievance you can know but I must share.

" 'Tis plain my int'rest you have advanc'd so long;

" Each fee, tho' I was urged, would find a tongue; A

" And, in return, tho' I have strove to rend 50

" Those statutes which on me I should defend;

" Such arts are trifles to a gen'rous mind;

" Great services as great returns should find: 55

" And you'll perceive this hand, when glory calls,

" Can brandish arms as well as unials. 60

" Oxford and all her passing bells can tell

" By this right arm what mighty numbers fell;

" Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,

" I oft' dispatch'd the patients in a day.

" With pen in hand I push'd to that degree; 65

" I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.

" Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,

" And death in ambush lay in every pill: 70

" For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,

" Tho' credit suffers the reward's the same. 75

" What tho' the art of healing we pretend?

" He that designs it least is most a friend.

" Into the right we err, and must confess

" To oversights we often owe success; 80

" Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;

" His glorious cowardise restor'd the day: 85

" So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert

" To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

" Physicians, if they're wise, should never think

" Of any arms but such as pen and ink : 75

" But th' enemy, at their expense, shall find,

" When honour calls I'll scorn to stay behind."

He said; and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,

Which was return'd by younger Ascaris *,

Who thus advanc'd, " Each word, Sir, you impart,

" Has something killing in it, like your art. 81

" How much we to your boundless friendship owe,

" Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show."

" Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,

" 'Tis plain you can regard no health but ours. 85

" Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,

" You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.

" O that near Xanthus' banks † you had but dwelt

" When Ilium first Achaian fury felt !

" The horned river then had curs'd in vain 90

" Young Peleus' arm that chok'd his stream with slain.

" No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;

" Their ten years' toil you'd finish'd in ten days.

" Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,

" In vain the cowards fly or brave resist. 95

" Then let us arm, we need not fear success;

" No labours are too hard for Hercules :

* Mr. Pearce.

† See Hom. Iliad.

"Our military ensigns we'll display;

"Conquest pursues where courage leads the way."

To this design shrill Querpo* did agree,

A zealous member of the Faculty;

His fire's pretended pious steps he treads,

And where the doctor fails the saint succeeds.

A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,

And his full age the righteous rancour shares.

Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,

To make the fowl more furious for the fray.

Slow Carus† next discover'd his intent,

With painful pauses mutt'ring what he meant:

His sparks of life in spite of drugs retreat;

So cold, that only calentures can heat.

In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,

And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.

Legions of lunatics about him press,

His province is lost reason to redress.

So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,

Nought can their odour like a jakes restore.

When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found

With lumber of vile books besieg'd around:

The gazing throng acknowledge their surpris,

And deaf to reason still consult their eyes:

Well he perceives the world will often find

To catch the eye is to convince the mind.

Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines

To num'rous stores and strength in magazines;

* Dr. Howe.

† Dr. Tyson.

So fools are always most profuse of words,
 And cowards never fail of longest swords.
 Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
 And from the world to dust and worms retreat;
 Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
 Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane;
 And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
 With Swiss philosophy and Runic rhymes.
 Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
 Where would the long-neglected Collins fly,
 If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
 But each vile scribbler's happy on this score,
 He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.

Nor must we the obsequious Umbra * spare,
 Who, soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
 But when some rival pow'r invades a right,
 Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight;
 Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
 Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
 With him † the present still some virtues have,
 The vain are sprightly, and the stupid grave;
 The slothful negligent, the foppish neat;
 The lewd are airy, and the fly discreet;
 A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
 Colt ‡ a Lycurgus, and a Phocion Rowe †.

* Dr. Gould. † See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. iii.

‡ Sir H. Dutton Colt. † Mr. Anthony Rowe.

Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
 Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
 For future glory while the scheme is laid,
 Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade. 155

“Since of each enterprize th' event's unknown,
 “We'll quit the sword and hearken to the gown.
 “Nigh lives Vagellius*, one reputed long
 “For strength of lungs and pliancy of tongue.
 “For fees to any form he moulds a cause; 160
 “The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
 “Five guineas make a criminal to-day,
 “And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
 “Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
 “Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide; 165
 “Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint,
 “Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
 “To law then, friends! for 't is by Fate decreed
 “Vagellius and our money shall succeed.
 “Know, when I first invok'd Disease by charms, 170
 “To prove propitious to our future arms,
 “Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
 “Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.”

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
 He thus was interrupted by a bard†. 175

“In vain your magic mysteries you use,
 “Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
 “These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
 “Such is the pow'r of sound and force of lays.

* Sir Barth. Shower, † Sir Richard Blackmore.

"Arms meet with arms, factions with factions
 "None clash, but every combatant
 "And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash!
 "Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
 "And hideous War o'er all the region brays.
 "Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
 "Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
 "Of cinders bore
 "Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
 "Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back;
 "As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
 Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight;
 A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
 And faintly her furrow'd lips these accents found.
 "Mortal! how dar'st thou with such lines address
 "My awful seat, and trouble my recess
 "In Essex' marshy Hundreds is a cell
 "Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell;
 "Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
 "And shiv'ring quartans shake the sickly air;
 "There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
 "And substitute physicians in my place:
 "Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
 "The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
 "But in your lines let energy be found,
 "And learn to rise in sense and sink in sound.
 "Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
 "None please the fancy who offend the ear.
 "King Arthur, p. 307. — Ibid. p. 327. — Ibid. p. 1307

- "In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 "Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
 "In one what vig'rous turns of fancy shine!
 "In th' other Sirens warble in each line!
 "If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
 "The Smiles and Graces melt in soft desire,
 "And little Loves confess their am'rous fire,
 "The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
 "To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
 "As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 "Pan quits the woods, the list'ning Fawns the
 plains,
 "And Philomel in notes like his complains;
 "And Britain, since Pausanias* was writ,
 "Knows Spartan virtue and Athenian wit.
 "When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 "Or what Apollo dictates Prior sings,
 "The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 "And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
 "Such just examples carefully read o'er,
 "Slide without falling, without straining soar.
 "Oft' tho' your strokes surprise, you should not chuse
 "A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
 "Long did Apelles† his fam'd piece decline;
 "His Alexander was his last design.

After ver. 212. these lines are omitted:

The Tiber now no gentle Gallus fees,
 But smiling Thames enjoys her Norman bys.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

† See Hor. B. ii. epist. i. Plin. Plaut. Cic. epist. Val. Max.

" 'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove

" None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove."

The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound

A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground;

Then she—"The deity we Fortune call,

" 'Tho' distant, rules and influences all;

" Straight for her favour to her court repair;

" Important embassies ask wings of air."

Each wond'ring stood, but Horoscope's great soul,

That dangers ne'er alarm nor doubts control,

Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,

Outflew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The ev'ning now with blushes warms the air,

The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care;

The clouds above with golden edgings glow,

And falling dews refresh the earth below;

The bat with sooty wings flits thro' the grove,

The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspens move,

And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.

'Thro' the transparent region of the skies

Swift as a wish the missionary flies;

With wonder he surveys the upper air,

And the gay gilded meteors sporting there;

How lambent jellies kindling in the night

Shoot thro' the ether in a trail of light;

Var. ver. 232.] The Fury said; and, vanishing from sight,

Cry'd out, "To arms;" so left the realms of light.

The combatants to th' enterprise consent,

And the next day spil'd on the great event.

How rising steams in th' azure fluid blend, M 264
 Or fleet in clouds, or soft in show'rs descend; M 265
 Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
 In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail; M 266
 How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
 And the fair oak with luscious sweats adorn; M 267
 How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
 Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze; M 268
 Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,
 And bold tornadoes bluster in the sky; M 269
 Why a prolific *aurea* upwards tends,
 Ferments, and in a living show'r descends; M 270
 How vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills
 In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills; M 271
 Whence infant winds their tender pinions try, M 272
 And river-gods their thirsty urns supply. M 273
 The wond'ring sage pursues his airy flight,
 And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night;
 He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
 To settle seasons here and fates above; M 274
 The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
 The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades; M 275
 The shining Lyre * with strains attracting more
 Heav'n's glitt'ring mansions now than hell's before †; M 276
 Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky, M 277
 And each fair Churchill of the galaxy. M 278

* Orpheus's harp, made a constellation.

† See Manil.

○ Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn;
Each flow'r in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps. 285
As thro' the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day:
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies:
His tow'ring brows aloft no tempests know, 290
Whilst lightning flies and thunder rolls below.

○ Distant from hence, beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns:
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow. 295
Around this hoary prince, from wat'ry beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here 300
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year:
From crystal rocks transparent riv'lets flow;
The tub'rose ever breathes, and violets blow:
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The lab'ring hind the mellow olive cheers: 305
Blossoms and fruit at once the citron * shows,
And as she pays discovers still she owes:
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays:

No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky, 310
 The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh:
 The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
 And, warbling dirges, die on ev'ry note:
 Where Flora treads her Zephyr garlands flings,
 And scatters odours from his purple wings; 315
 Whilst birds from woodbine bow'rs and jasmine
 Chant their glad nuptials and unenvy'd loves. [groves
 Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
 Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flow'ry vales,
 Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs in pomp appear, 320
 And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.

These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
 Are stil'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
 On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
 The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court: 325
 Upon a wheel of amethyst * she sits,
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still labyrinth around her lie
 Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
 A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears, 330
 In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.

The dame, by divination, knew that soon
 The Magus would appear—and then begun.
 “Hail, sacred Seer! thy embassy I know;
 “Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so. 335

* This stone reckoned fortunate. See the Hist. of Nat. Magic.

" Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great;
 " Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet;
 " Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
 " The mortar now, and then the urinal.
 " To thee alone my influence I owe; 340
 " Where Nature has deny'd my favours flow.
 " 'Tis I that give, so mighty is my pow'r,
 " Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
 " I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
 " The fluggard's ease, the concomb's providence. 345
 " Sir Scrapequill, once a supple smiling slave,
 " Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
 " Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
 " Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
 " Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late, 350
 " Drinks rich tockay himself, and eats in plate;
 " Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
 " And owns the rascals which he rubb'd before.
 " Souls heavenly born my faithless hoons defy;
 " The brave is to himself a deity. 355
 " Tho' blest'd Astrea's gone, some soil remains
 " Where Fortune is the slave, and Merit reigns.
 " The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
 " Thames his Nassau; the Nile his Ptolemy.
 " Iberia, yet for future sway design'd, 360
 " Shall for a Hesse a greater Mordaunt find.

* See the allusion, Lucan.

" Thus Ariadne * in proud triumph rode ;

" She lost a hero †, and she found a god ‖. 363

CANTO V.

WHEN the still Night, with peaceful poppies
crown'd,

Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground,

And slumb'ring chiefs of painted triumphs dream ;

While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme,

The surges gently dash against the shore,

Flocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar ;

Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,

Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies ;

He finds no respite from his anxious grief,

Then seeks from this soliloquy relief. 370

" Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the Town,

" Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.

" None e'er could die with due solemnity,

" Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.

" My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd ;

" I give reversions, and for heirs provide.

" None could the tedious nuptial state support,

" But I to make it easy make it short.

" I set the discontented matrons free,

" And ransom husbands from captivity. 380

" Shall one of such importance then engage

" In noisy riot and in civil rage ?

* See Steph.

† Theseus.

‖ Bacchus.

" No; I'll endeavour straight a peace, and say: O "

" Preserve my character and person too." " I will "

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been, 26
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish, then begun

In peevish accents to express her own " How odd I "

" Have I so often banish'd lazy Peace " " I will "

" From her dark solitude and lov'd recess? " " I will 30

" Have I made South and Sherlock disagree, " " I will "

" And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity? " " I will "

" And does the faithful Ferguson profess " " I will "

" His ardour still for animosities? " " I will "

" Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure, " " I will 35

" Expos'd her naked, to be most secure? " " I will "

" Have I made parties opposite unite " " I will "

" In monstrous leagues of amicable spite, " " I will "

" To curse their country, whilst the common cry " " I will "

" Is Freedom, but their aim the ministry? " " I will 40

" And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent " " I will "

" The war so long I've labour'd to foment? " " I will "

" No, 't is resolv'd; he either shall comply, " " I will "

" Or I'll renounce my wan divinity." " I will 45

With that the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed, 45

And, taking Quérpo's meagre shape, she said: " " I will "

" At noon of night I hasten to dispel " " I will "

" Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell. " " I will "

" I dream'd but now I heard your heaving sighs, " " I will "

" Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes. " " I will 50

- "O that 't were but a dream! but threats, I find,"
 "Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind."
 "Speak whence it is this late disorder flows,
 "That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose."
 "Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain; 55
 "Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain."
 "What looks discover," said the homicide,
 "Would be a fruitless industry to hide."
 "My safety first I must consult, and then
 "I'll serve our suff'ring party with my pen;" 60
 "All should," reply'd the hag, "their talent learn;
 "The most attempting oft' the least discern."
 "Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
 "Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight;
 "Such must succeed; but when th' enervate aim 65
 "Beyond their force, they still contend for shame."
 "Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
 "He had not been the Saffold of the Town."
 "Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
 "If these attempt to hoot or those to bray. 70
 "Had Westley never aim'd in verse to please,
 "We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbies."
 "Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
 "A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
 "Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd 75
 "To set off and to recommend the good;
 "So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
 "And to a Bentley 't is we owe a Boyle."

"Consider well the talent you possess;
 "To strive to make it more would make it less; 80
 "And recollect what gratitude is due
 "To those whose party you abandon now.
 "To them you owe your odd magnificence,
 "But to your stars your magazine of sense.
 "Hast in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd, 85
 "With one fat slave before and none behind,
 "Then haste and join your true intrepid friends;
 "Success, on vigour and dispatch depends."
 Lab'ring in doubts Mirmillo stood; then said,
 "'Tis hard to undertake if gain dissuade: 90
 "What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
 "Ten harvests more would all I wish for give."
 "True, Man!" reply'd the elf; "by choice diseas'd,
 "Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd,
 "A present good they slight, an absent chuse, 95
 "And what they have for what they have not lose.
 "False prospects all their true delights destroy,
 "Resolv'd to want, yet lab'ring to enjoy.
 "In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
 "At substance oft' unmov'd, for shadows grieve. 100
 "Children at toys, as men at titles, aim,
 "And in effect both covet but the same:
 : vast or slow has, ...
 Var. vet. 87.] But soon what they 'ave exalted they 'll discard,
 And set up Carus or the city bard.
 Alarm'd at this the hero courage took,
 And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
 "My dread resolves," he cry'd, "I'll straight pursue;"
 The Fury satisfy'd in smiles withdrew.

" This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years,
 And first for rattles, then for worlds, shed fears."

The Fury spoke, then in a moment fir'd
 The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.

In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
 And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
 Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.

At length gay Morn glows in the eastern skies,
 The larks in raptures thro' the æther rise;

The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,

The chanter at his early matins yawns;

The am'ranth opes its leaves, the lily its bells,

And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn descries,

Arm'd *cap-à-pé*, where hono' calls he flies,

And finds the legions planted at their post,

Where mighty Quervo fill'd the eye the most.

His arms were made, if we may credit Fame,

By Mulciber*, the mayor of Birmingham.

Of temper'd *sibium* the bright shield was cast,

And yet the work the metal far surpass'd †:

A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,

Grav'd round the brim, the wond'ring sight deceives:

Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,

Probes, saws, incision-knives, and tools to slay:

Emboss'd upon the field a battle stood

Of leeches spouting hemorrhoidal blood.

* See the allusion, Hom. *Iliad*, b. xviii. Virg. *Æn.* b. viii.

† See Ovid. *Met.* b. ii.

The artist, too, express'd the solemn state
 Of grave physicians at a consult met;
 About each symptom how they disagree,
 But how unanimous in case of fee:
 Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
 With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires
 Beneath this blazing orb bright Quерpo shone,
 Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon:
 A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
 And his high helmet was a close-stool pan;
 His crest an ibis*, brandishing her beak,
 And winding in loose folds her spiral neck:
 This when the young Quерpoïdes† beheld,
 His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd,
 Then peep'd, and with th' effulgent helm would play,
 And as the monster gap'd would shrink away:
 Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear,
 And tears and smiles alternate passions were.

As Quерpo tow'ring stood in martial might,
 Pacific Carus sparkled on the right;
 An oran outang ‖ o'er his shoulders hung,
 His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung:
 His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
 Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war.

* This bird, according to the Ancients, gives itself a clyster with its beak.

† Alluding to Aftyanax. See Hom. Illad.

‖ The skin of a dissected baboon called so.

"Fam'd Chiefs!
 "For present triumphs born, design'd for more;
 "Your virtue I admire, your valour more;
 "If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
 "Can deal out Destiny, and Fate command;
 "Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
 "And their Apollo interpose in vain.
 "Tho' gods themselves engage, a Diomed
 "With ease could show a deity can bleed.
 "But war's rough trade should be by fools profess;
 "The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
 "Let quinsies throttle and the quartan shake,
 "Or dropies drown, and gout and colics rack;
 "Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
 "Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
 "Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
 "The dead I raise my chivalry proclaim;
 "Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
 "In Fame's bright list my glories record.
 "More lives from me their preservation own
 "Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.
 "Your cures," shrill Ogerpory'd, "aloud you tell,
 "But wisely your misdeeds never conceal.
 "Zeno, a priest in Samothrace of old,
 "Thus reason'd with Philopidas the Bold;
 "Immortal gods you own, but think 'em blind
 "To what concerns the state of human kind:

* See Homer's Iliad, b. v.

" Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r;
 " That argues want of pow'r, and this of care.
 " Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
 " Pow'r infinite must act: I grant it so.
 " Hasten straight to Neptune's fane, survey with zeal
 " The walls. What then? reply'd the infidel.
 " Observe those num'rous throngs in effigy
 " The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
 " 'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
 " But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?
 " Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
 " But, tho' unsee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
 " Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
 " In war surprises surest conduct show."

But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
 That Pembroke's worth and Ormond's valour tells;
 How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndish, reigns,
 Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
 But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
 If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
 On nimble wings to Warwick Lane repairs,
 And what the enemy intends declares:
 Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
 A council's call'd, and Stentor * first was heard;

* Dr. Goodall.

*Var. ver. 204.] True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
 He's always dully gay or vainly grave.
 With indignation and a daring air
 He paus'd a while, and thus address'd the chair.*

His lab'ring lungs the throng'd Prætorium rent, 205
Addressing thus the passive president.

"Machaon*, whose experience we adore,

"Great as your matchless merit is your pow'r

"At your approach the baffled tyrant Death

"Breaks his keen shafts and grinds his clashing teeth?

"To you we leave the conduct of the day;

"What you command your vassals must obey:

"If this dread enterprise you would decline,

"We'll send to treat, and stifle the design:

"But if my arguments had force, we'd try

"To humble our audacious foes or die.

"Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;

"The end is good, no matter for the means."

So modern casuists their talents try,

Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie. 220

* Sir Thomas Millington,

Var. ver. 218.] What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd;
But sev'ral voices sev'ral methods mov'd.

At length th' advent'rous heroes all agree

T' expect the foe, and act defensively.

Into their shop the bold battalions move,

And what their chief commands the rest approve.

Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,

Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd,

And then behind the compter rang'd they stand,

Their front so well secur'd t' obey command.

And now the scouts the adverse host descry,

Blue aprons in the air for colours fly;

With unresist'd force they urge their way,

And find the foe embattled in array.

He had not finish'd till th' out-guards descri'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph rather than a war:
Tho' wide the front, tho' gross the phalanx grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew. 226

The adverse host for action straight prepare,
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their trusty squire resign the shield. 230
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would ask the Muse that sung the Frogs in arms.

And now the signal summons to the fray,
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play;
Their patron god his silver bowstrings twangs, 235
Tough harness rattles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour:
The deadly drugs in double doses fly,
And pestles peal a martial symphony. 240

Now from their levell'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive show'r:
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give:
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke, 245
And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.

So when leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontroll'd dominion of the main,

H

From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
 And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne, 250
 Such wat'ry stores from their spread nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is sea and which is sky.

And now the stagg'ring braves, led by despair,
 Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
 Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale, 255
 And the brass weights fly thick as show'rs of hail.
 Whole héaps of warriors welter on the ground,
 With gallipots and broken phials crown'd,
 Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.

Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
 And Jove in rattling show'rs of ice descends, 261
 Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
 Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
 And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale
 below.

But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows 265
 Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
 From Stentor's * arm a massy opiat flies,
 And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
 At Colon † great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
 Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung;
 But with a dauntless and disdainful mien 271
 Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
 Chiron || attack'd Talthibius with such might,
 One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson.

† Dr. Birch.

|| Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.

Who straight retreated to evade the wound, 275
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.

This Pfyas saw, and to the victor said,

"Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead;

"Thy fate shall follow:" to confirm it, swore

By th' image of Priapus, which he bore; 280

And rais'd an eagle-stone †, invoking loud

On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud.

"Great queen of night, and empress of the seas!

"If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,

"If still observant of my early vows, 285

"These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's

"Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright; [throes,

"So may loud cymbals aid thy lab'ring light."

He said, and let the pond'rous fragment fly 290

At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.

Tho' the haranguing god survey'd the war,

That day the Muses' sons were not his care.

Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,

Alike their features and alike their flame,

As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn, 295

The list'ning river would neglect his urn.

Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,

Their Muse ‖ could make immortal with her quill;

But learn'd inquiries after Nature's state

Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate. 300

* Dr. Chamberlain. † See Pliny. ‖ See Tasso.

The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
 Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own;
 At his once favour'd friend a touse he threw,
 That from his birth had slept unseen till now;
 Stunn'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
 Sunk down; and in a simile expir'd.

And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
 The yielding flanks confess the victory,
 Stentor undaunted still, with noble rage
 Sprung thro' the battle Quерpo to engage.
 Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great;
 Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
 Each combatant his adversary mauls,
 With batter'd bed-pans and stave'd urinals.
 On Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks,
 And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks;
 But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
 Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell;
 And as the victor hov'ring o'er him stood,
 With arms extended thus the suppliant said.
 "When honour's lost, 't is a relief to die;
 "Death's but a sure retreat from infamy;
 "But to the loss if pity might be shown,
 "Reflect on young Quерpoides thy son;
 "Then pity mine, for such an infant grace
 "Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face;
 "If he was near, compassion he'd create,
 "Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.

"Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;

"To thee the lov'd Dispens'ry * I resign." 330

At this the victors own such ecstasies,

As Memphian priests if their Osiris ineeze,

Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd,

Or simp'ring prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;

Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown; 335

Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.

A while the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,

And found compassion pleading in his mind;

But whilst he view'd with pity the distress,

He spy'd Signetur † writ upon his breast; 340

Then t'wards the skies he toss'd his threat'ning head,

And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said;

"Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,

"His Holiness shall turn a Quietist,

"Janfenius and the Jésuits agree, 345

"The Inquisition wink at heresy,

"Warm convocations own the church secure,

"And more consult her doctrine than her pow'r."

With that he drew a lancet in his rage,

To puncture the still supplicating sage; 350

But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,

Apollo interpos'd in form of fee:

* See the allusion, Virg. Æn.

† Those members of the College that observe a late statute
are called by the apothecaries *Signetur men*.

Var. ver. 346:] Faith stand unmov'd thro' Stillingsfleet's de-
And Locke for mystery abandon'd sense. [fence,

The chief great Pean's golden tresses knew;
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.

Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen,
Two Tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood,
But at the first appearance of a face
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.

The hero so his enterprise recalls,
His fist unclinch'd, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

WHILE the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appear'd on Zephyr's wings;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning light;
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape and Grafton's air:
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom and Berkeley's innocence.
On Iris thus the diff'ring beams bestow
The dye that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls. [shown,
"Enough th' achievement of your arms you've
"You seek a triumph you should blush to own,

* See Newt. of Col.

"Haste to th' Elysian-fields, those blest'd abodes;
 "Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods: 16
 "Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
 "The method that must mollify these woes:
 "Let Celsus * for that enterprise prepare;
 "His conduct to the shades shall be my care. 20
 Agast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
 A form so heav'nly bright they could not bear;
 Celsus alone unmov'd the sight beheld,
 The rest in pale confusion left the field.
 So when the pygmies, marshall'd on the plains, 25
 Wage puny war against th' invading cranes,
 The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
 And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air:
 But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
 Stoops on his founding pinions from above, 30
 Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
 And the Serimonion Squadron seeks the clouds.
 And now the delegate prepares to go
 And view the wonders of the realms below,
 Then takes Amomum for the golden bough. 35
 Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
 The pavement strike, and straight, at her command,
 The willing surface opens, and descends
 A deep descent that leads to nether skies;
 Hygeia† to the silent region tends, 40
 And with his heav'nly guide the charge descends.

* Dr. Bateman.

† Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a goddess.

Thus Numā, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria * guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the globe and calls them out to day;
Hence pansies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
T' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.

The insects here their ling'ring trance survive;
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive:
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air.
Down to these cells obscurer reptiles creep,
Where hateful nutes and painted lizards sleep;
Where shiv'ring snakes the summer-solstice wait,
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
Here their new form the numb'd cruce † hide,
Their num'rous feet in slender bandage ty'd:

* See Ovid. Met.

† See Godort of Caterpillars and Butterflies.

† Health, celebrated by the Ancients as a Goddess.

Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And, proud of painted wings, attempt the skies;

Now those profounder regions they explore
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore:
Here, fullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpy lead;
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin;
The copper * sparkles next in ruddy streaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks:
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies:
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,
Their love's more violent than the chymist's fire.

Near these the delegate with wonder spies
Where floods of living silver serpentine,
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams thro' amber channels run;
Where light's gay god descends to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.

Here he observes the subterranean cells
Where wanton Nature sports in idle shells;
Some heliogeids, some comical appear,
These mitres emulate, those turbans are;

* See Tald on mines.

Here marcasites in various figure wait,
 To ripen to a true metallic state;
 Till drops, that from impending rocks descend,
 Their substance petrify, and progress end.
 Nigh livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
 And whilst enrag'd their fiery surges glow,
 Convulsions in the lab'ring mountains rise,
 And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.

He views with horror next the noisy cave,
 Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;
 Where clam'rous hurricanes attempt their flight,
 Or whirling in tumultuous eddies fight.
 The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
 Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
 Andromeda so, whilst her hero fought,
 Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.

And now the goddess with her charge descends,
 Where scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps be-
 Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps,
 And undisturb'd by form in silence sleeps:
 A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
 An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy;
 With fardid age his features are defac'd,
 His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste!
 To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
 There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps;
 Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
 And soon as born, like other monsters, die.

Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods:
No ways and means their cabinet employ,
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.

Nigh this recess, with terror, they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk and airy spectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care;
Old mould'ring urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.

Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait
Which execute the harsh decrees of Fate.
Febris * is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears:
In her parch'd eyeballs fiery meteors reign,
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops † next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along;
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her wat'ry store.

* Fever. † Dropsy.

Now loathsome Lepros*, that offensive spright,
 With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
 Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power,
 Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

Whilst meagre Phthisis† gives a silent blow,
 Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow.
 No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults are shown;
 She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
 Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name,
 The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
 Who at his nod on fatal errands fly.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
 The silent region of the fleeting shades,
 Where rocks and rueful deserts are descri'd,
 And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
 Then shows the ferryman the plant he bore,
 And claims his passage to the further shore:
 To whom the Stygian pilot smiling said,
 "You need no passport to demand our aid;
 "Physicians never linger on this strand;
 "Old Charon's present still at their command:
 "Our awful monarch and his consort owe
 "To them the peopling of their realms below."
 Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
 Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now as the goddess and her charge prepare
 To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,

* Leprosy.

† Consumption.

Upon the left they spy a pensive shade *,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head;
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
"Tell me, thou much afflicted shade! why sighs
Burst from your breast; and torrents from your eyes;
And who those mangled manes are which show
A fullen satisfaction at your woe?"
"Since," said the ghost, "with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Guaiacum †, once your firmest friend,
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay till th' angry pow'r relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten
The victims of my late ill conduct are:
They vex with endless clamours my repose;
This wants his palate, that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me ev'ry moment with a pill."
Then Celsus thus: "O much lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But, ah! how much you're chang'd from what you
Inspid as your late ptisans you lie. [were!
That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
At the sad tale you tell the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;

* See the allusion, Virg. Æn. vi.

† Dr. Morton.

" The unctuous larix, and the healing pine, 205
 " Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
 " But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
 " The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
 " When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
 " In rockets till they reach the wond'ring skies. 210
 " If mortals e'er the Stygian pow'rs could bend,
 " Entreaties to their awful seats I'd send;
 " But since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
 " Direct me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade."
 In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay, 215
 Then rising from the ground he shew'd the way.
 Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
 That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood;
 Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
 No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone: 220
 To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd,
 And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.

Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tow'r on high,
 And taste the indulgence of a milder sky:
 Loose breezes on their airy pinions play, 225
 Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
 And roses blush their fragrant lives away: }
 Cool streams thro' flow'ry meadows gently glide,
 And as they pass their painted banks they chide.
 These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear, 230
 The flow'rs ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here:
 The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
 Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head:

Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green;
 And ev'ry flow'r does homage to their queen; 235
 So when bright Venus rises from the flood;
 Around in throngs the wond'ring Nereids crowd;
 The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell;
 And ev'ry grace unsung the waves conceal;
 The delegate observes, with wond'ring eyes, 240
 Ambrosial dew descend and incense rise;
 Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
 The silent mansion * of disastrous love;
 Here Jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears;
 And broken slumbers and fantastic fears: 245
 The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
 And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings:
 No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
 Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears;
 Their wounded bark records some broken vow; 250
 And willow garlands hang on ev'ry bough:
 Olivia here in solitude he found,
 Her down-cast eyes fix'd on the silent ground;
 Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair;
 She seem'd the dying image of Despair. 255
 How lately did this celebrated thing
 Blaze in the box and sparkle in the ring!
 Till the green-sickness and love's force betray'd
 To Death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!
 All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood, 260
 The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood;

 * See Virg. *Æn.* vi.

An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke.

"Tell me, dear Shade! from whence such anxious

"Your looks disorder'd and your bosom bare? [sware,

"Why thus you languish like a drooping flow'r, 266

"Crush'd by the weight of some relentless snow? 267

"Your languid looks your late ill conduct tell;

"Oh! that instead of truth you 'ad taken steel." 269

Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious
Thus to her late insulting lover said: [maid

"When ladies listen not to loose desire,

"You style our modesty our want of fire!

"Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,

"You still find reasons to believe we love: 273

"Vainly you think a liking we betray,

"And never mean the peevish things we say.

"Few are the fair ones of Rosilla's make,

"Unask'd the grants, uninjur'd life 'll forfake: 275

"But sev'ral Cælia's sev'ral ages boast, 280

"That like where reason recommends the most:

"Where heav'nly truth and tenderness conspire,

"Chaste passion may persuade us to desire."

"Your sex," he cry'd, "as custom bids behaves;

"In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves. 283

"To do nice conduct right you Nature wrong;

"Impulses are but weak where reason's strong.

"Some want the courage, but how few the flame;

"They like the thing that startle at the name."

"The lonely phoenix, tho' profess'd a nun, 290

"Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.

"Those tales of spicy arms and fragrant fires

"Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires."

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,

His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air: 295

From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,

And as she mov'd she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain

Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain;

Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow 300

Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.

Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,

The venerable sage her presence knew:

Thus he—— 304

"Hail, blooming Goddess! thou propitious pow'r,

"Whose blessings mortals more than life implore;

"With so much lustre your bright looks endear,

"That cottages are courts where those appear.

"Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,

"Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown. 310

"With just resentments and contempt you see

"The foul dissensions of the Faculty;

"How your sad sick'ning art now hangs her head,

"And, once a science, is become a trade:

"Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store, 315

"But study Nature less and lucre more.

"Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian rais'd
 "A temple*, where devoted incense blaz'd
 "Oft' Father Tiber views the lofty fire,
 "As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the fire: 320
 "The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
 "The gift of life and laws were then the same.
 "I shew'd of old how vical currents glide,
 "And the meanders of the reflux tide:
 "Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here, 325
 "And whence involuntary motions there;
 "And how the spirits by mechanic laws
 "In wild careers tumult'ous riots cause:
 "Nor would our Wharton, Bares, and Clifton, lie
 "In the abyss of blind obscurity: 330
 "But now such wondrous searches are forborne,
 "And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
 "Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
 "How her lost health your science may regain."
 "Haste, and the matchless Atticus † address, 335
 "From Heav'n and great Nassau he has the mace:
 "Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
 "Arts he supports, and learning is his care:
 "He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
 "Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their Harpy claws,
 "And graciously he casts a pitying eye 341
 "On the sad state of virtuous poverty.

* A temple built at Rome, in the island of Tiber, to Æsculapius, son of Apollo.

† Lord Somers.

"Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the list'ning
 throng

"Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!

"His arguments are emblems of his mien, 345

"Mild, but not faint, and forcing, tho' serene;

"And when the pow'r of eloquence he 'ld try,

"Here lightning strikes you, there soft breezes sigh.

"To him you must your sickly state refer,

"Your charter claims him as your visiter : 350

"Your wounds he 'll close, and sov'reignly restore

"Your science to the height it had before.

"Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;

"His life should be as lasting as his fame.

"Some princes' claims from devastations spring; 355

"He condescends in pity to be king;

"And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands,

"And governs more by candour than commands,

"Even then not less a hero he appears

"Than when his laurel diadem he wears. 360

"Would Phæbus or his Granville but inspire

"Their sacred veh'mence of poetic fire,

"To celebrate in song that godlike pow'r

"Which did the lab'ring universe restore,

"Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain, 365

"And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain

"The earth's repose and empire o'er the main. }

"Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,

"To make his blessings endless as they're great :

" Whilst Malice and Ingratitude confess 370

" They 'ave strove for ruin long without success.

" When late Jove's Eagle * from the pile shall rise 371

" To bear the victor to the boundless skies,

" A while the god puts off paternal care,

" Neglects the earth to give the heav'ns a star; 375

" Near thee, Alcides †, shall the hero shine,

" His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

" Had some fam'd patriot of the Latian blood,

" Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,

" But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties, 380

" Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies,

" Loud Ios the proud Capitol had shook,

" And all the statues of the gods had spoke." 385

No more the sage his raptures could pursue;

He paus'd, and Celsus with his guide withdrew. 385

* Read the ceremony of the Apotheosis.

† Hercules, a constellation near Ariadne's Crown.

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

--- Dryadum sylvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Mecænas haud mollia iussa.

VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's *Hill and Windsor Forest*, the one by Sir J. Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. It is probable he had observed some spring arising among st woods and rocks where echoes were heard, and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the Third Book of the *Metamorphoses*, it is obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her, *veq tantum atque offa superfluit*, is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say

the gentleman who is meant would have been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of. Experience shows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed; and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which reflection this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may be directed by the quotations to the authors that have mentioned them.

WHAT frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
 Tho' few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
 So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
 Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more:
 The last indulge the fault the first commit,
 And take off still the offal of their wit.
 So shameless, so abandon'd, are their ways,
 They poche Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
 None ever can without admirers live
 Who have a pension or a place to give.
 Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
 The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
 Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
 No Muse is proof against a golden show'r.
 Let but his Lordship write some poor lampoon,
 He's Herac'd up in doggrel like his own;

Or if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False fame cries—"Athens;" honest truth—"Moor-
Thus fool'd he flounces on thro' floods of ink, [fields."
Flags with full sail, and rises but to sink. 20

Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash, their satires praise:
So nauseously and so unlike they paint,
N—'s an Adonis, M—r a saint:

Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd 25
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.

To form great works puts Fate itself to pain;
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty man; 30
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.

With earthquakes tow'ring Pindar's birth begun, 35
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son *:
The fire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade,
But with a hero well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein,
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign. 40
To grant big Thraſo valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.

I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.

* Hercules.

Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art;
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part:

What then.--You'll say, Must not true sterling pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow,
And when I meet with merit scribble too.

The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Tho' earnest easy, civil yet sincere;
Who seldom but thro' great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my Muse's homage should receive,
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.

But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;
But when new-gath'ring streams enlarge his course,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations as he runs bestows.

Direct me, Clare! to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may chuse;
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress,
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,

That swains shall leave their lawns and nymphs their
And quit Arcadia for a seat like your's. [bow'rs,

But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous part?
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?

If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire;

'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies and their silver rills;

Close groves and op'ning glades with verdure spread,
Flow'rs sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;

With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon smiling round;

Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;

When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad*;

Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
(For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame)

No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves;

Not yet lead-comb was on the toilette plac'd;
Not yet broad eyebrows were reduc'd by paste;

No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made:

* Glaſtum. See Pliny. 'Iſatis. See Dioſcorides.

Tirts were unheard of, and unknown the loom, 100
 And thrifty silk worms spun for times to come:
 Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
 All like Diana were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
 Surly in shew, unfashion'd in address;
 Upright in actions*, and in thought sincere;
 And strictly were the same they would appear.
 Honour was plac'd in probity alone,
 For villains had no titles but their own.
 None travell'd to return politely mad, 110
 But still what fancy wanted reason had.
 Whatever Nature ask'd their hands could give;
 Unlearn'd in feasts, they only ate to live.
 No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
 Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricassees. 115
 Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
 For looks were then the language of the mind.

Ere right and wrong by turns set prices bore,
 And conscience had its rate like common whore;
 Or tools to great employments had pretence, 120
 Or merit was made out by impudence;
 Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs,
 And humble friends grew haughty ministers:
 In those good days of innocence here stood
 Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood, 125

* *Mores eis simplices, a verutia et improbitate nostrae tempestatis hominum longe remoti. See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist. lib. iv. vers. Lat.*

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 Cef. lib

Frequented by the Druids *, to bestow
Religious honours on the mistletoe †.

• The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain;
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there; 130

Or else some deity's mysterious care,
As Druids thought; for when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.

So when the Gauls the tow'rs of Rome defac'd;
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste, 135
Jove's favour'd Capitol uninjur'd stood;
So sacred was the mansion of a god.

• Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose;
Here for the bleeding victims altars rose
To Hermes ‥ ‥ ‥ they paid their sacrifice 140

Parent of arts; and patron of the wife.
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.

None violated truth, invaded rights,
Yet had few laws but will and appetite. 145

The people's peace they study'd, and profess
No politics but public interest ‡.

* Jam per se roborem eligunt lucos. *Plin. lib. xvi.*

† Et nihil habent Druidæ visco, et arbore in qua gignatur,
si modo sit robur, sacratius. *Plin. ibid.* Et vitæ om. *Druidæ. Ovid.*

‡ Deum maxime Mercurium colunt: hunc omnium inven-
torem artium ferunt: post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c. *Ces.*

• De republica, nisi per conciliū, loqui non conceditur.
Ces. lib. vi.

Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.

No mitred priest did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure
For being several centuries obscure,
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood;
Nor Simony nor sinecure were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone:
Nor was the way invented to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.

But then, in filets bound, a hallow'd band,
Taught how to tend the flocks and till the land,
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons travell'd with the sun:
When his dim orb seem'd wading thro' the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When redd'ning clouds reflect his blood-shot eye.
All their remarks on Nature's laws require
More lines than would ev'n *Alpian* readers tire.

This sect in sacred veneration held
Opinions by the Samian sage reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those:

* *Multa præterea de sideribus, et eorum motu, de rerum
Natura, &c. Cæf.*

For when the plastic particles are gone,
 They rally in some species like their own: 175
 The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
 In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
 Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
 And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
 Those falling leaves that wither with the year, 180
 Will in the next on other stems appear:
 The sap that now forsakes the bursting bud,
 In some new shoot will circulate green blood:
 The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows
 Will, when the season offers, scent the rose; 185
 And those bright flames that in carnations glow
 Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow

They hold that matter must be still the same,
 And varies but in figure and in name;
 And that the soul not dies*, but shifts her seat, 190
 New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
 Thus when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
 In beings brave and virtuous they revive †:
 Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign,
 Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain 195
 Good laws, and halcyon years shall hush the world
 again.

* Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios. *Ces.*

† Et vos Barbaricos ritus---Sacrorum Druidæ---redituræ parcere vitæ---regit idem spiritus artus. *Lucan, lib. i.*

The truths of old traditions were their theme,
 Or gods descending in a morning dream;
 Past acts they cited, and to come foretold,
 And could events not ripe for fate unfold.
 Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
 In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.*
 Attend then, Clare! nor is the legend long;
 The story of thy villa is their song†.

The fair Montano, of the Sylvan race,
 Was with each beauty bless'd, and ev'ry grace:
 His sire green Faunus, guardian of the wood,
 His mother a swift Naiad of the flood;
 Her silver urn supply'd the neighb'ring streams,
 A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.

Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye,
 Nor when a flow'r could boast more fragrantcy;
 His skin might with the down of swans compare,
 More smooth than pearl, than mountain-snow more
 In shape so poplars or the cedars please,
 But those are not so straight, nor graceful these:
 His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
 Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
 The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
 But sunk to softness at the melting sound.

The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
 To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down:

* Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. *Cæs.*
 † Superstitione vaga Druidæ caneabant, &c. *Tacit. lib. iv.*

All day he rang'd the woods and spread the toils;
 And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
 In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace; 225
 Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase:
 For tho' possession be th' undoubted view,
 To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
 Those nymphs that yield too soon, their charms impair,
 And prove at last but despicably fair: 230
 His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
 And palls the appetite he meant to please:
 His slender wants too largely he supplies,
 Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was with hoary moss o'ergrown, 235
 Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mould'ring
 Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall, [stone;
 And weeping rills but whisper as they fall:
 The clasping ivys up the ruin creep,
 And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep. 240

This cell sad Echo chose, by Love betray'd,
 A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
 Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the Sylvan flies,
 To shun the calenture of sultry skies,
 But feels a fiercer flame; Love's keenest dart 245
 Finds thro' his eyes a passage to his heart.
 Pensive the virgin sat with folded arms,
 Her tears but lending lustre to her charms:
 With pity he beholds her wounding woes,
 But wants himself the pity he bestows. 250

"Oh! whether of a mortal born," he cries,
 "Or some fair daughter of the distant skies,
 "That in compassion leave your crystal sphere,
 "To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here?
 "Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove, 253
 "But pity one a novice yet in love.
 "If words avail not, see my suppliant tears,
 "Nor disregard those dumb petitioners."

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
 Asserting all the empire of her eyes, 260

Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
 Nor seeks from sleep or sustenance relief.
 The lamp of life now casts a glimm'ring light,
 The meeting lids his setting eyes benight:
 What force remains the hapless lover tries, 265
 Invoking thus his kindred deities.

"Haste, parents of the flood! your race to mourn,
 "With tears replenish each exhausted urn:
 "Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
 "Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade." 270
 More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
 Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.
 For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
 Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
 What gods can do the mournful Faunus tries, 275
 A mount erecting where the Sylvan lies:
 The rural pow'rs the wondrous pile survey,
 And piously their diff'rent honours pay.

Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread;
 And Nymphs transform'd to laurels lent their shade:
 Her stream a Naiad from the basin pours,
 And Flora strows the summit with her flow'rs:
 Aloft Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
 When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.

Sad Echo now laments her rigour more
 Than for Narcissus her loose flame before:
 Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
 All day in rifted rocks she hides her head;
 Soon as the ev'ning shows a sky serene,
 Abroad she strays, but never to be seen;
 And ever as the weeping Naiads name
 Her cruelty, the Nymph repeats the same.
 With them she joins her lover to deplore,
 And haunts the lonely dale he rang'd before:
 Her sex's privilege she yet retains,
 And tho' to nothing wasted voice remains.

So sung the Druids—then with rapture fir'd,
 Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd
 “ Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
 “ A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway,
 “ No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
 “ The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns,
 “ From Jove he comes †, the captive to restore,
 “ Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.”

* Et partim auguriis, partim conjectura, quæ essent futura, &c. Cic. de Divinatione.

† Son of Jupiter and Danæ.

" Religion shall afford nothing but disguise, 303
 " And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
 " Britannia smiles, not fears a foreign lord;
 " Her safety to secure two pow'rs accord,
 " Her Neptune's trident and her monarch's sword,
 " Like him shall his Augustus shine in arms, 310
 " Tho' captive to his Carolina's charms;
 " Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
 " And Venus once more found an Alban race.
 " Then shall a Clave in honour's cause engage,
 " Example must reclaim a graceless age. 315
 " Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead,
 " And laws ev'n by the legislators bleed,
 " His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud
 " None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
 " For tyrants are but prisoners in disguise, 320
 " Tho' sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
 " Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend,
 " The firmest patriot and the warmest friend.
 " Great Edward's Order early he shall wear,*
 " New light restoring to the sully'd star. 325
 " Oft will his leisure this retirement chase,
 " Still finding future subjects for the Muse;
 " And to record the Sylvan's fatal flame,
 " The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the
 " name." 330

* Theologi et vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant, qui a victimarum extis de futuris divinant. *Diod. Sic. Lat. ver.*

ON HER MAJESTY'S STATUE

IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

NEAR the vast bulk of that stupendous frame
Known by the Gentiles' great apostle's name,
With grace divine great Anna's seen to rise,
An awful form! that glads a nation's eyes:
Beneath her feet four mighty realms appear,
And with due rev'rence pay their homage there:
Britain and Ireland seem to own her grace,
And even wild India wears a smiling face.
But France, alone with downcast eyes, is seen
The sad attendant of so good a queen.
Ungrateful country! to forget so soon
All that great Anna for thy sake has done:
When sworn the kind defender of thy cause,
Spite of her dear religion, spite of laws,
For thee she sheath'd the terrors of her sword,
For thee she broke her gen'ral—and her word;
For thee her mind in doubtful terms she told,
And learn'd to speak like oracles of old:
For thee, for thee, alone, what could she more?
She lost the honour she had gain'd before;
Lost all the trophies which her arms had won,
(Such Cæsar never knew, nor Philip's son)
Resign'd the glories of a ten years' reign,
And such as none but Marlborough's arm could gain:
For thee in annals she's content to shine,
Like other monarchs of the Stewart line.

ON THE NEW CONSPIRACY, 1716.

WHERE, where, degen'rate countrymen—how high
Will your fond folly and your madness fly?
Are scenes of death and feryle chains so dear,
To sue for blood and bondage ev'ry year,
Like rebel Jews, with too much freedom curst,
To court a change—the' certain of the worst?

There is no climate which you have not sought;
Where tools of war and vagrant kings are bought.
O! noble passion, to your country kind,
To crown her with—the refuse of mankind;
As if the new Rome, which your schemes unfold,
Were to be built on rapine, like the old,
While her asylum openly provides
For ev'ry ruffian ev'ry nation hides.

Will you still tempt the great Avenger's blow,
And force the bolt—which he is loath to throw?
Have there too few already bit the plains,
To make you seek new Prestons and Dumblains?
If vengeance loses its effect so fast,
Yet those of mercy sure—should longer last.
Say, is it rashness or despair provokes
Your harden'd hearts to these repeated strokes?
Reply—Behold their looks, their souls, declare,
All pale with guilt, and dumb with deep despair.
Hear then, you sons of Blood! your destin'd fate,
Hear, ere you sin too soon—repent too late:

Madly you try to weaken George's reign,
 And stem the stream of Providence in vain.
 By right, by worth, by wonders, made our own,
 The hand that gave it shall preserve his throne.
 As vain your hopes to distant times remove,
 To try the second or the third from Jove;
 For 't is the nature of that sacred line
 To conquer monsters, and to grow divine.

ON THE KING OF SPAIN.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan line,
 Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built by hands divine;
 But Love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
 Preserv'd a hero and restor'd the race.
 Thus the fam'd empire where the Iber flows
 Fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

VERSES

TOASTING GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB 1703,

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every Muse inspire;
 To Carlisle fill the glass and tune the lyre.
 With his lov'd bays the god of Day shall crown
 A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.
 AT once the sun and Carlisle took their way
 To warm the frozen North, and kindle day;
 The flow'rs to both their glad creation ow'd;
 Their virtues he, their beauties she, bestow'd. 4

LADY ESSEX.
 THE bravest hero and the brightest dame
 From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
 One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
 The awful thunder and the gentle dew. 4

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine,
 The health's engaging and divine;
 Let purest odours scent the air,
 And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
 In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
 And those her gentle sighs supply. 6

LADY HYDE.

THE god of Wine grows jealous of his art,
 He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
 The queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see
 A nymph more mighty than a deity. 4

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILDBED.

HYDE, tho' in agonies, her graces keeps,
 A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
 In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
 But her bright offspring is the cheerful Morn. 4

WHEN Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar be the banquet blest,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast!

EPITAPHIUM

GEORGII COMITIS DE HUNTINGDON.

Hic situs est
Georgius Comes de Huntingdon,
Præclara Hastingsorum profapia
Natus;
Et nepte ex Plantagenetorum stemmate
Oriundus;
Literarum humaniorum cultor indefessus;
In aulâ ornatissimus;
In acie imperterritus;
Ubique probus.
Tanta fuit ei morum suavitas,
Cum gravitate comitas,
Cum fide urbanitas;
Haud quicquam cæteris commune habuit,
Nisi quod mori potuerit.
Tantus animi candor ingenitus
Ut tot numeraverit amicos,
Quot familiares.

Procul habuit molitiem atque inertiam,

Turpè existimans, 20

Quis dignitate præfuit,

Ab his virtute superavit,

Flagrante per Europam bello,

Salutis publicæ quam suæ studiosior,

Ad rem militarem exercendam 25

Se contulit.

Obsessis

Venloâ, Ruremondâ, Kaiservertâ,

Quæ fortiter, sub Duce Marlburgensi, tentavit,

Feliciter perfecit; 30

Quorum tamen oblivionem maluit

Quam gloriam; 32

Obiit kal. Mart. viii. æræ Christianæ 1706.

Ætat. xxvi.

In ætæ sempiternæ;

In ætæ sempiternæ;

Ubiq; propius;

Tunc tunc ei moris iustit;

Com gravitate comit;

Com his iustit;

Hand quibzq; ceteris communis habet;

Ubi quod moris iustit;

Tunc tunc ei moris iustit;

Ubi quod moris iustit;

Ubi quod moris iustit;

Ubi quod moris iustit;

I

EPISTLES.

TO THE LADY LOUISA LENOS,

WITH OVID'S EPISTLES.

IN moving lines these few Epistles tell
What fate attends the nymph that likes too well;
How faintly the successful lovers burn,
And their neglected charms how ladies mourn:
The fair you'll find, when soft entreaties fail, 5
Assert their uncontested right, and rail:
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they love whene'er they strive to hate.
Their sex or proudly shuns or poorly craves,
Commencing tyrants and concluding slaves. 10
In diff'ring breasts what diff'ring passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The fire we boast with force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out as appetite returns;
But yours, like incense, mounts by soft degrees, 15
And in a fragrant flame consumes to please.
Your sex in all that can engage excel,
And ours in patience and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your pride, and we our perjuries. 20
Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft' you fall
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd years
Smile at the tale of lovers' hopes and fears.

Tho' infant graces sooth your gentle hours, 25
More soft than sighs, more sweet than breathing
Let rash admirers your keen lightning fear, [flow'rs,
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The time ere long, if verse presage, will come
Your charms shall open in full Brudenal bloom: 30
All eyes shall gaze, all hearts shall homage vow,
And not a lover languish but for you:
The Muse shall string her lyre, with garlands crown'd,
And each bright nymph shall sicken at the sound.

So when Aurora first salutes the light, 35
Pleas'd we behold the tender dawn of light;
But when with ripen red she warms the skies,
In circling throngs the wing'd musicians rise,
And the gay groves rejoice in symphonies; }
Each pearly flow'r with painted beauty shines,
And ev'ry star its fading fire resigns. 41

TO
RICH. EARL OF BURLINGTON,

WITH OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

MY LORD,

OUR poet's rules, in easy numbers, tell
He felt the passion he describes so well:

In that soft art successfully refin'd;
 Tho' angry Caesar frown'd the fair were kind.
 More ills from love than tyrants' malice flow;
 Jove's thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's bow.
 Ovid both felt the pain and found the ease:
 Physicians study most their own disease.
 The practice of that age in this we try;
 Ladies would listen then, and lovers lie.
 Who flatter'd most the fair were most polite,
 Each thought her own admirer in the right.
 To be but faintly rude was criminal,
 But to be boldly so aton'd for all.
 Breeding was banish'd for the fair one's sake:
 The sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours should take.

Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring;
 The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming spring.
 Tho' you possess all Nature's gifts, take care;
 Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her snare.

On all that goddess her false smiles bestows,
 As on the seas she reigns, from whence she rose,
 Young Zephyrs sigh with fragrant breath, soft gales
 Guide her gay barge, and swell the silken sails:
 Each silver wave in beauteous order moves,
 Fair as her bosom, gentle as her doves;
 But he that once embarks, too surely finds
 A sullen sky, black storms, and angry winds;
 Cares, fears, and anguish, how'ring on the coast,
 And wrecks of wretches by their folly lost.

When coming time shall bless you with a bride,
 Let passion not persuade, but reason guide;
 Instead of gold, let gentle truth endear;
 She has most charms who is the most sincere.
 Shun vain variety; 'tis but disease;
 Weak appetites are ever hard to please.
 The nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
 'Tis for the sex's quiet to believe.
 Her air, an easy confidence must show,
 And shun to find what she would dread to know;
 Still charming with all arts that can engage,
 And be the Juliana of the age.

TO THE DUCHESS OF BOLTON,

ON HER STAYING ALL WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

CEASE rural conquests, and set free your swains;
 To Dryads leave the groves, to Nymphs the plains:
 In pensive dales alone let Echo dwell,
 And each sad sigh she hears with sorrow tell.
 Haste, let your eyes at Kent's* pavilion shine;
 It wants but stars, and then the work's divine.
 Of late Fame only tells of yielding towns,
 Of captive gen'als and protected crowns;
 Of purchas'd laurels, and of battles won,
 Lines forc'd, states vanquish'd, provinces o'er-run,
 And all Alcides' labour summ'd in one.

* A gallery the Earl of Kent has built at St. James'.

The brave must to the fair now yield the prize,
 And English arms submit to English eyes;
 In which bright list among the first you stand,
 Tho' each a goddess or a Sunderland.

TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH,

ON HIS VOLUNTARY BANISHMENT.

Go, mighty Prince! and those great nations see
 Which thy victorious arms before made free;
 View that fam'd column where thy name engrav'd
 Shall tell their children who their empire sav'd;
 Point out that marble where thy worth is shown
 To ev'ry grateful country but thy own.
 O censure undeserv'd! unequal fate!
 Which strove to lessen him who made her great;
 Which, pamper'd with success, and rich in fame,
 Extoll'd his conquests, but condemn'd his name.
 But virtue is a crime when plac'd on high,
 Tho' all the fault 's in the beholder's eye;
 Yet he untouch'd, as in the heat of wars,
 Flies from no danger but domestic jars;
 Smiles at the dart which angry envy shakes,
 And only fears for her whom he forsakes:
 He grieves to find the course of virtue cross'd,
 Blushing to see our blood no better lost;
 Disdains in factious parties to contend,
 And proves in absence most Britannia's friend.

So the great Scipio, of old, to shun
That glorious envy which his arms had won,
Far from his dear ungrateful Rome retir'd,
Prepar'd, whene'er his country's cause requir'd,
To shine in peace or war, and be again admir'd. 25

TO THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.

W^HILEN weeping Europe bends beneath herills,
And where the sword destroys not famine kills,
Our isle enjoys, by your successful care,
The pomp of peace amidst the woes of war.
So much the public to your prudence owes,
You think no labour's long for our repose,
Such conduct, such integrity, are shown,
There are no coffers empty but your own.

From mean dependence merit you retrieve;
Unask'd you offer, and unseen you give;
Your favour, like the Nile, increase bestows,
And yet conceals the source from whence it flows.
No pomp or grand appearance you approve:
A people at their ease is what you love.
To lessen taxes, and a nation save,
Are all the grants your services would have.

* The four preceding lines formerly stood thus:

So pois'd your passions are, we find no frown,

If funds oppress not, and if commerce run.

Taxes diminish'd, liberty entire,

These are the grants your services require.

Thus far the state-machine wants no repair,
 But moves in matchless order by your care;
 Free from confusion, settled and serene,
 And, like the universe, by springs unseen. 20

But now some star, sinister to our pray'rs,
 Contrives new schemes, and calls you from affairs.
 No anguish in your looks, or cares, appear,
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd crew to steer.
 Thus, like a victim, no constraint you need 25
 To expiate their offence by whom you bleed:

Ingratitude's a weed of every clime,
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.
 The god of Day and your own lot is the same;
 The vapours you have rais'd obscure your flame: 30
 But tho' you suffer, and a while retreat,
 Your globe of light looks larger as you set. 32

TO MR. GAY ON HIS POEMS.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plain
 The lays she once had learn'd repeat,
 All listen'd to the tuneful strain,
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
 'Twas thus: the Graces held the lyre, 5
 Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung. 8

TO THE MERRY POETASTER,

AT SADDLERS'-HALL IN CHEAPSIDE.

UNWIELDY Pedant! let thy awkward Muse
 With censures praise, with flatteries abuse.
 To lash and not be felt in thee's an art;
 Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy schoolboys smart.
 Then be advis'd, and scribble not ageny;
 Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail and not a pen.
 If B——l's immortal wit thou wouldst descry,
 Pretend't is he that writ thy poetry.
 Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
 Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

TO MR. GAY ON HIS TOILET.

Was I am'd by the lascivious Pleasure
 The late the once had learn'd to repeat
 All listen'd to the ungodly strain
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.
 'T was thus: the Graces held the lyre,
 The Harmonious frame the Muses sang
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,
 And Gay transfus'd what Phoebus sang.

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PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR TAMERLANE.

To-day a mighty hero comes to warm
Your curdling blood, and bid you, Britons! arm.
To valour much he owes, to virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no texts, nor makes dragoons persuade;
He likes religion, but he hates the trade. 6
Born for mankind, they by his labour live,
Their property is his prerogative.
His sword destroys less than his mercy saves,
And none, except his passions, are his slaves. 10
Such, Britons! is the prince that you possess,
In council greatest, and in camps no less:
Brave, but not cruel; wise, without deceit;
Born for an age curs'd with a Bajazet.
But you, disdaining to be too secure, 15
Ask his protection, and yet grudge his pow'r.
With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
Who give supplies are only absolute.
Britons! for shame, your factious feuds decline;
Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line. 20

M

Affert lost rights; an Austrian prince alone
Is born to nod upon a Spanish throne.
A cause no less could on great Eugene call;
Steep Alpine rocks require an Hannibal.
 He shows you your lost honour to retrieve; 25
 Our troops will fight when once the senate give.
 Quit your cabals and factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this cause unite;
 One vote will then send Anjou back to France;
 There let the meteor end his airy dance;
 Else to the Mantuan soil he may repair,
 Ev'n abdicated gods were Latium's care;
 At worst he'll find some Cornish borough here. 33

Their property is his prerogative.
 His sword destroys less than his mercy saves.
 And none, except his passions, are his slaves.
 Such, Britons! is the prince that you possess;
 In council greatest, and in camps no less;
 Brave, but not cruel; wise, without deceit;
 Born for an age, not'd with a Bajazet.
 But you, disdaining to be so secure,
 Ask his protection, and yet grudge his power.
 With you a monarch's right is in dispute;
 Who give supplies are only absolute.
 Britons! for shame, your factions cease to rise;
 Too long you've labour'd for the Bourbon line.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSIC MEETING IN YORK BUILDINGS.

WHERE Music and more pow'rful beauties reign,
 Who can support the pleasure and the pain?
 Here their soft magic those two Syrens try,
 And if we listen or but look we die.
 Why should we then the wondrous tales admire
 Of Orpheus' numbers or Amphion's lyre;
 Of walls erected by harmonious skill,
 How mountains mov'd, and rapid streams stood still?
 Behold this scene of beauty, and confess
 The wonder greater and the fiction less.
 Like human victims here we stand decreed
 To worship those bright altars where we bleed.
 Who braves his fate in fields must tremble here:
 Triumphant Love more vassals makes than Fear.
 No faction homage to the fair denies;
 The right divine's apparent in their eyes.
 That empire's fix'd that's founded in desire;
 Those flames the Vestals guard can ne'er expire.

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PROLOGUE,

TO THE CORNISH SQUIRE. A COMEDY. 10

Who dares not plot in this good-natur'd age;
 Each place is privileg'd except the stage;
 There the dread phalanx of Reformers come,
 Sworn foes to wit, as Carthage was to Rome:
 Their ears so sanctify'd no scenes can please,
 But heavy hymns or penfive homilies.
 Truths plainly told their tender nature wound,
 Young rakes must like old patriarchs expound;
 The painted punk the profelyte must play,
 And bawds, like *filles-de-votes*, procure and pray. 10
 How Nature is inverted! soon you'll see
 Senates unanimous, and sects agree,
 Jews at extortion rail, and Monks at mystery. }
 Let characters be represented true,
 An airy sinner makes an awkward prue. 15
 With force and fitting freedom vice arraign;
 Tho' pulpits flatter, let the stage speak plain.
 If Verres gripes the poor, or Nænius write,
 Call that the robber, this the parasite.
 Ne'er aim to make an eagle of an owl; 20
 Cinna's a statesman, Sydrophe a tool.
 Our censurers with want of thought dispense,
 But tremble at the hideous sin of sense.

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Who would not such hard fate as ours bemoan;
 Indicted for some wit, and damn'd for none? 25
 But if, to-day, some scandal should appear,
 Let those precise Tattuffs bind o'er Moliere,
 Poet and Papist too they'll surely maul;
 There's no indulgencies at Hicks's Hall,
 Gold only can their pious spite allay; 30
 They call none criminals that can but pay:
 The heedless shrines with victims they invoke;
 They take the fat, and give the gods the smoke. 33

PROLOGUE,

*Spoken at the opening of the Queen's Theatre in the Hay
 Market.*

SUCH was our builder's art, that, soon as nam'd,
 This fabric, like the infant-world, was fram'd.
 The architect must on dull order wait,
 But 't is the poet only can create: 5
 None else, at pleasure, can duration give;
 When marble fails the Muses' structures live.
 The Cyprian fane is now no longer seen,
 Tho' sacred to the name of Love's fair queen:
 Ev'n Athens scarce in pompous ruin stands,
 Tho' finish'd by the learn'd Minerva's hands. 10
 More sure prefages from these walls we find,
 By Beauty* founded, and by Wit design'd.

* My Lady Sunderland was pleas'd to lay the first stone.

M ij

In the good age of ghostly Ignorance,
 How did cathedrals rise and zeal advance!
 The merry Monks said orisons at ease;
 Large were their meals, and light their penances;
 Pardons for sins were purchas'd with estates,
 And none but rogues in rags dy'd reprobates:
 But now that pious pageantry's no more,
 And stages thrive as churches did before. 20
 Your own magnificence you here survey;
 Majestic columns stand where dunghills lay,
 And cars triumphal rise from carts of hay. }
 Swains here are taught to hope, and nymphs to fear,
 And big Almanzor's fight mocks Blenheim's here. 25
 Descending goddesses adorn our scenes,
 And quit their bright abodes for gilt machines.
 Should Jove, for this fair circle, leave his throne,
 He'd meet a lightning fiercer than his own;
 Tho' to the sun his tow'ring eagles rise,
 They scarce could bear the lustre of these eyes. 31

EPILOGUE,

TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft' they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say:
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse.
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you.
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the pow'r of charms.
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow; 25
 Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now;
 There golden idols all your vows receive;
 She is no goddess who has nought to give.
 Oh! may once more the happy age appear
 When words were artless and the thoughts sincere;
 When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things; 31
 And courts less coveted than groves and springs;
 Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
 And Constancy feel transport in its chains;
 Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell, 35
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
 Virtue again to its bright station climb,
 And Beauty fear no enemy but Time;
 The fair shall listen to desert alone,
 And ev'ry Lucia find a Cato's son. 40

HOVID'S METAMORPHOSES,
BOOK XIV.

PREFACE

To the Translation

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

THE method I propose in writing this Preface, is to take notice of some of the beauties of the Metamorphoses, and also of the faults and particular affectations; after which I shall proceed to hint at some rules for translation in general; and shall give a short account of the following version.

I shall not pretend to impose my opinion on others with the magisterial authority of a critic; but only take the liberty of discovering my own taste. I shall endeavour to show our Poet's redundance of wit, justness of comparisons, elegance of descriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumstance relating to the passions and affections; and with the same impartiality and frankness I shall confess the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his sometimes unlaboured versification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to translators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am sure one is no more obliged to do so than a painter is to make every face that fits to him handsome. It is

enough if he sets the best features he finds in their fall and most advantageous light. But if the Poet has private deformities, though good-breeding will not allow to expose him naked, yet surely there can be no reason to recommend him as the most finished model of harmony and proportion.

Whoever has this undistinguishing complaisance will not fail to vitiate the taste of the readers, and misguide many of them in their judgment where to approve and where to censure.

It must be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harsh and disingenuous to be severe on such faults as have escaped rather through want of leisure, and opportunity to correct, than through the erroneous turn of a depraved judgment. How sensible Ovid himself was of the incorrectness of the *Metamorphoses*, appears from these lines prefixed before some of the editions by the care of his commentators.

Orba parente suo quicunque volumina tangis,

His saltem vestra detur in urbe locus.

Quoque magis faveas; non sunt hæc edita ab illo,

Sed quasi de domini funere rapta sui.

Quicquid in his igitur vitis rude carmen habebit

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

Trist. El. vi.

Since, therefore, the readers are not solemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally, they ought to be contented with what they find: and pray what have they to complain of but too great

variety? where, though some of the dishes be not served in the exactest order and politeness, but hashed up in haste, there are a great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To like every thing shows too little delicacy; and to like nothing too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader who is never pleased will appear as monstrous as he that is always so. Here are the hurries of battles for the hero; tender emotions of soul for the lover; a search and penetration into nature for the philosopher; fluency of numbers and most expressive figures for the poet; morals for the serious, and pleasantries for admirers of points of wit.

It is certain a poet is more to be suspected for saying too much than too little. To add is often hazardous, but to retrench commonly judicious. If our author, instead of saying all he could, had only said all he should, Daphne had done well to fly from the god of Wit, in order to crown his poet: thus Ovid had been more honoured and adored in his exile than Augustus in his triumphs.

I shall now attempt to give some instances of the happiness and vast extent of our Author's imagination. I shall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather transcribe some lines here and there, as my reflection shall suggest.

Nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
Ponderibus librata suis-----

Thus was the state of Nature before the creation; and here it is obvious that Ovid had a discerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. It is now demonstrated that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force which is always in a direct simple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverse duplicate proportion of the distance, which tendency or gravitating is constant and universal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the solid content of bodies, and never in any proportion to their superficies, cannot be explained by any material impulse; for the laws of impulse are physically necessary: there can be no *αὐτεξέσσω*, or arbitrary principle in mere matter; its parts cannot move unless they be moved, and cannot do otherwise when pressed on by other parts in motion; and therefore it is evident, from the following lines, that Ovid strictly adhered to the opinion of the discerning philosophers, who taught that all things were formed by a wise and intelligent Mind.

Jussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
Fronde tegi fylvas-----

The *fiat* of the Hebrew lawgiver is not more sublime than the *jussit* of the Latin poet, who goes on in the same elevated and philosophical style.

His super imposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
Æthera-----

Here the author spreads a thin veil of ether over his infant creation; and though his asserting the upper region to be void of gravitation may not, in a mathematical rigour, be true, yet it is found from the natural inquiries made since, and especially from the learned Dr. Halley's discourse on the Barometer, that if, on the surface of the earth, an inch of quicksilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air of 300 feet, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2,700,000; and therefore the air at so great a distance from the earth must be rarified to so great a degree, that the space it fills must bear a very small proportion to that which is entirely void of matter.

I think we may be confident, from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feasts, that he could not be totally ignorant of astronomy. Some of the critics would innuinate, from the following lines, that he mistook the annual motion of the sun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum----- Met. B. ii.

Though the sun be always in one or other of the signs of the zodiac, and never goes by either motion more northward or southward than is here described, yet Phaeton, being designed to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the equator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptic; a degree of which, and that

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by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclined to think that Ovid had so great an attention to poetical embellishments, that he voluntarily declined a strict observance of any astronomical system: for though that science was far from being neglected in former ages, yet the progress which was made in it by no means equalled that of our present time.

Lucretius, though in other things most penetrating, describes the sun scarce bigger than he appears to the eye.

Nec nimio solis major rota, nec minor ardor

Esse potest, nostris quam sensibus esse videtur.

And Homer, imagining the seats of the gods above the fixed stars, represents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the isle of Lemnos to continue during a whole day.

Πᾶν δ' ἤκαρ φερόμεν, ἅμα δ' ἡελίω παραδόντε

Κάππισον ἐν Λήμνῳ ——— *Iliad, B. i.*

The Greek poet aims here to give a surprising idea of the height of the celestial mansions; but if the computation of a modern astronomer be true, they are at so much a greater distance, that Vulcan would have been more years in falling than he was minutes.

But lest I should exceed the usual length of a Preface, I shall now give some instances of the propriety of our author's similes and epithets, the perspicuity

of his allegorids, the instructive excellence of the morals, the peculiar happy turn of his fancy, and shall begin with the elegance of his descriptions.

-----*Madidis notus evolat alis,*

Terribilem picea tecum caligine vultum.

Barba gravis nimbis, canis fuit unda capillis,

Fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaeque, sinusque.

Sterpuntur segetes, et deplorata coloni

Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni. *Met. B. i.*

These lines introduce those of the deluge, which are also very poetical, and worthy to be compared with the next, concerning the Golden Age.

-----*Sine militis usu*

Mollia securae peragebant otia gentes.

Ipse quoque immunis rastroque intacta, nec ullis

Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus.

Contentique cibus, nullo cogente, creatis,

Arbutos foetus, montanaque fraga legebant,

Et quae deciderant pumila Jovis arbore glandes.

Ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris

Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.

Virgil has also touched upon the same subject in the end of the second Georgic.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,

Nec dum etiam audierant insarsi classica, nec dum

Impositos duris creptare incudibus enses.

And again,

Primus ab aethereo venit Saturnus Olympo

Aurea, quae perhibent, illo sub rege fuerunt

Saecula: sic placida populos in pace regebat.

Æn. B. viii. l. 319.

Some of the lines a little foreign to the present subject are omitted; but I shall make the most admirable author amends by transcribing at length his next description. It is of a stag, which gave the first occasion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians: I chuse this, because my design is to have these two great poets seen together, where the subject happens to be almost the same, tho' the nature of the poems be very different.

Cervus erat forma præstanti, et cornibus ingens,
 Tyrrheidæ pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
 Nutribant, Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent
 Armenta, et late custodia credita campi.
 Assuetum imperiis soror omni sylvia cura
 Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua fertis:
 Pectebatque ferum, puroque in fonte lavabat.
 Ille manum patiens, mensæque assuetus herili
 Errabat sylvis-----

Æn. B. vii. l. 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite stag slain accidentally by Cyparissus seems not of less dignity.

Ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altas
 Ipse suo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
 Cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
 Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.
 Bulla super frontem parvis argentea foris
 Vincita movebatur: parillique ex ære nitebant
 Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora baccæ.
 Ipse metu vacuus, naturalique pavore
 Deposito, celebrare domos, muscendaque colla
 Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere solebat.
 Gratus erat Cyparisse tibi, Tu pabula cervum

Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.

Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:

Nunc, eques in tergo residens, huc latus et illuc

Mollia purpureis frænabas ora capistris.

In the following lines Ovid describes the watery court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with Virgil's subterranean grot of Cyrene the Naiad, mother of Aristæus.

Est nemus Hæmonia, prærupta quod undique claudit

Silva: vocant tempe, per quæ Peneus ab imo

Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis:

Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos

Nubila conduit, summasque aspergine sylvas

Impluit, et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.

Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni

Amnis: in hoc residens factò de cautibus antro

Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.

Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum,

Nescia gratentur, consolenturve parentem,

Populifer Spercheos, et irrequietus Enipeus,

Eridanusque senex, lenisque Amphrysos, et Æas;

Moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos,

In mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.

Met. B. i.

Tristis Aristæus Pencei genitoris ad undam

Stat lacrymans-----

Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,

Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,

Ibat; et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,

Omnia sub magna labentia flumine terra

Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,

Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,

Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluens,

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Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu

Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta

In mare purpureum violentior insuit amnis.

Georg. B. iv.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers and easy magnificence of words, till he introduces the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, in the narration of which he is as much superior to Ovid as the reeds of his own Mantuan shepherds are less musical than the lyre of Orpheus.

That I may not be too long on this article, I shall recommend to the reader Ovid's admirable description of Sleep.

-----Est prope Cimmerios----- *Met. B. xi.*

That of Hunger

-----Est locus extremis Scythiæ----- *B. viii.*

That of the Plague

-----Dira lues----- *B. vii.*

That of Fame

-----Orbe locus medio est----- *B. xii.*

Virgil has also touched on the two last; in the one he had Lucretius in view, in the other Homer; and I think it will not be to the disadvantage of our author to appear at the same time.

There are many other descriptions scattered in the *Metamorphoses*, which, for just expression of nature, and majestic modulation of words, are only inferior to those already transcribed, as they are shorter,

which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into prose, a great deal too severe.

The *Metamorphoses* must be considered, as is observed before, very incorrect, and Virgil's works as finished, though his own modesty would not allow the *Æneids* to be so. It seems it was harder for him to please himself than his readers: his judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination less; for the first without the last is too heavy, and like a dress without fancy; and the last without the first is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's similitudes are next to be considered, which are always remarkably short, and convey some pleasing idea to the imagination. It is in this branch of the poem that he has discovered as just a judgment as any of the Classics whatever. Poets, to give a loose to a warm fancy, are generally too apt not only to expatiate in their similes, but introduce them too frequently; by doing the first they detain the attention too long from the principal narration; and by the latter they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

These two errors Ovid has most discerningly avoided. How short and significant are generally his comparisons! he fails not in these to keep a stiff rein on a high-mettled Pegasus; and takes care not to surfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His similes are thicker sown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus than in any other book, but always short.

The nymph clasps the youth close to her breast, and both insensibly grow one.

-----*Velut si quis conducto cortice ramos
Crescendo jungi, pariterqueadolescere cernat.*

Met. B. vi.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes,

*Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum super atria velum
Candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras.*

Met. B. x.

Philomela's tongue seemed to move after it was cut out by Tereus.

*Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
Palpitat-----*

Met. B. vii.

Cadmus sows the dragon's teeth, and the sons of the Earth rise gradually.

*Inde fide majus glebæ cepere moveri;
Primaque de fulcis acies apparuit hinc;
Tegmina mox capitum picto nutantia cono,
Mox humeri, pectusque-----
Sic ubi tolluntur festis aulaea theatris
Surgere signa solent, primumque ostendere vultum,
Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore
Tota patent, inoque pedes in margine ponunt.*

Met. B. iii.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when

to give over is too manifest. Though he frequently expatiates on the same thought in different words, yet in his similes that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all a simplicity and a confinement to the present object; always a fecundity of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has erred above once by an ill-judged superfluity. After he has described the labyrinth built by Dædalus, he compares it thus,

Non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis mæandros in arvis
Ludit, et ambiguo lapsu resutitque, fuitque;
Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum
Incertus exercet aquas. *Met. B. viii.*

He should have ended at the close of the second line, as Virgil should have done at the end of the fourth in his noble simile, where Dido proceeds to the temple with her court about her,

Quæ in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ
Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram,
Fert humeris, gradiensque Deas, supereminet omnes:
Latone tacitum pestentant gaudia pectus. *Æn. B. iv.*

I see no reason for the last line: though the poet be justly celebrated for a most consummate judgment, yet, by an endeavour to imitate Homer's similes, he is not only very long; but, by introducing several circumstances, he fails of an applicable relation betwixt the principal subject and his new ideas. He sometimes

thinks fit to work into the piece some differing embroidery, which, though very rich, yet makes at best but glorious patchwork. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the less so if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walked on in his own regular and majestic grace, rather than have been hurried forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide. I shall transcribe one of his similes which is not culled out, but exactly of the same texture with all the rest in the four last books of the *Aeneid*.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot.

Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice præceps

Cum ruit avulsam vento, seu turbidus imber

Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas,

Pertur in abruptum magno mons improbus æqu,

Exultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virosque

Involvens secum. *Æn. B. lib. 7. 684.*

It does not seem to be at all material whether the rock was blown or washed down by wind or rain, or undermined by time.

But to return to Ovid: the reader may take notice how unforced his compliments, and how natural his transitions, generally are. With how much ease does he slide into some new circumstance, without any violation of the unity of the story! The texture is so artful that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the shade dies so gradually, and the light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases and the other begins.

When he is going off from the story of Apollo and Daphnè, how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

-----Et confux quoniam mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe-----

Tu ducibus lætis aderis, cum læta triumphum

Vox canet, et longæ vident Capitolla pompæ.

Postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos

Ante fores stabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. i.

He compliments Augustus upon the assignation of Julius; and, by way of simile, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave.

-----Sic cum manus impia sævit

Sanguine Cæsareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deified, and looks down on his adopted son.

-----Natique videns benefacta, fatetur

Esse suis majora, et vincl gaudet ab illo.

Met. B. xv.

And immediately follows,

Hic sua præferri quamquam vetat acta paternis,

Libera fama tamen, nullisque obnoxia iussu

Invitum præfert-----

The author in the two first lines shows the affectionate condescension of the father, in the three last the pious gratitude of the son.

The compliments to Augustus are very frequent in the last book of the Metamorphoses, as those to the

same emperor are in the *Georgics* of Virgil; which also strike the imagination by their agreeable flattery.

Hæc super arborum cultu, pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Georg. i.

Again on Julius,

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris

Julius-----

Æt. B. i.

The compliments have a great sublimity, and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deserves praise for saying a great deal in a little, as censure for saying a little in a great deal. None of the Classic poets had the talent of expressing himself with more force and perspicuity.

Phaeton desires some pledge of his father's tenderness, and asks to be trusted with his chariot. He answers,

Pignora certa petis; do pignora certa timendo.

Met. B. ii.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the consequence is fatal; the world is set on fire; even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration; the Tagus boils,

-----Fluit ignibus aurum.

The Nile retreats,

Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet-----

Xanthus is parched up, and attempts to write

Artis etque verum Xanthus

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promises himself success, but is disappointed.

Quodque cupit, sperat, suaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again,

The river Achelöus combats Hercules; and assumes several shapes in vain, then puts on at last that of a snake: the hero smiles in contempt.

Cunatum labor est angues superare mearum.

Ovid never excels himself so much as when he takes occasion to touch upon the passion of love: all hearts are in a manner sensible of the same emotions, and, like instruments tuned unisons, if a string of any one of them be struck the rest by consent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; she endeavours to be confirmed in her fears, but hopes the contrary,

-----Speratque miserrima falli.

The next is not less natural,

-----Sed cuncta timemus amantes.

Byblis is in love with Caunus: the struggle is betwixt her unlawful flame and her honour.

She is all confusion at the thoughts of discovering her passion——

-----misere fatentis amorem.

She attempts to write, *Incipit et dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas,*

Et notat, et delet: mutat, culpatque probatque.

In the end inclination, as it does always, gets the better of discretion.

This last fable shows how touchingly the poet argues in love affairs, as well as those of Medea and Scylla. The two last are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid seemed here to have had Virgil's passion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference, the one had conversed much with ladies, and knew they loved to talk a great deal; the other considered no less what was natural for them to say than what became them to say.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this rencounter, discovered a most finished judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience, and leaves for greater: Dido, like other ladies, resents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge; then by and by submits, begs for compassion, and has recourse to tears.

It appears from this piece that Virgil was a discerning master in the passion of love; and they that consider the spirit and turn of that inimitable line—

Qui Bavium non odit—cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for satire.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the sub-

ject of love than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulysses his elocution is most nervous and persuading. Where he endeavours to dissuade mankind from indulging carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philosophy, how emphatical is his reasoning!

Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare laborem?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus
Qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri
Ruricolam mactare suum-----

Met. B. xv.

I think *Agricolam* had been stronger, but the authority of manuscripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work Ovid discovers the highest humanity, and a most exceeding good nature. The virtuous in distress are always his concern, and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himself.

He seems to have taken the most pains in the first and second book of the *Metamorphoses*, though the thirteenth abounds with sentiments most moving, and with calamitous incidents introduced with great art. The poet had here in view the tragedy of Hecuba in Euripides; and it is a wonder it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The house of Priam is destroyed, his royal daughter a sacrifice to the manes of him that occasioned it: she is forced from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurried to the altar, where she behaves herself with a decency becoming her sex,

and a magnanimity equal to her blood; and so very affecting, that even the priest wept

Ipse etiam fleas, invitatusque sacerdos, &c.

She shows no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old unfortunate mother.

Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere posse;

Mater obest, minuitque necis mea gaudia; quamvis

Non mea mors illi, verum sua vita gemenda est.

Then begs her body may be delivered to her without ransom,

Genetrix corpus inemptum

Reddite; neve auro redimat jus triste sepulchri,

Sed lacrymis: tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.

The unhappy queen laments she is not able to give her daughter royal burial,

Non hæc est fortuna domus.

Then takes the body in her decrepit arms, and halts to the sea to wash off the blood,

Ad litus passa proceffit anili

Albentes laniata comas.

The animated thoughts and lively images of this poem are numerous. None ever painted more to the life than our author, though several grotesque figures are now and then seen in the same group. The most plentiful season that gives birth to the finest flowers produces also the rankest weeds. Ovid has shown in one line the brightest fancy sometimes, and in the next the poorest affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis,

——— Et ecce!

Opportuna sua blanditur populus umbra;
Et requievit humo; pressitque et gramen et ipsum.

Met. B. x. l. 556.

Phœbus requests Phaeton to desist from his request.

——— Confillis, non curribus utere nostris.

Cæneus in the battle of the Centaurs wounds La-
treus in several places.

——— Vulcanusque in vulnere fecit.

These are some of our poet's boyisms. There is another affectation, called by Quintilian *ὀξύμωρον*, or a witty folly, which would not have appeared quite so trifling had it been less frequent.

Medea persuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renewed: she that loves him best gives the first wound,

Et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus——— *Met. B. vii.*

Althea is enraged at her son Meleager, and, to do justice to the manes of her brothers, destroys him,

Impietate pia est———

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flourishing condition of the city,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of such witticisms, which are more to be wondered at, because they were not the fashion of that age, as puns and quibbles are of

this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice.

Deucallion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus——

Georg. i. l. 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas upon his arrival in Italy.

Num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros?—— *Æn. vii. l. 295.*

The poet is so far from affecting this sort of wit, that he rarely ventures on so spirited a turn of fancy as in these following instances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman.

—— Memorabile nomen,
Una dolo Divum si foemina victa duorum est.

Æn. iv. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterprize, expresses his concern for his surviving mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the care of Ascanius, who answers,

Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Creusæ
Solum defuerit——

Venus is importunate in her solicitations to Vulcan to make armour for her son; he answers,

—— Absiste precando
Viribus indubitare tuis—— *Æn. vii.*

At the first kindling of Dido's passion, he has this most natural thought,

—— Illum absens absentem auditque videtque.

But to return to Ovid: though I cannot vindicate him for his points, I shall endeavour to mollify his critics, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his lines with monosyllables, as—*si quis—si non, &c.*; and, as I think, he cannot be excused more advantageously than by affirming, that where he has done it once Virgil has twenty times.

_____ et cum	Georg. i.
_____ si quis	Georg. ii.
_____ nec dum	Georg. ii.
_____ si quam	Æn. i.
_____ si quis	Æn. vii.
_____ jam bos	Æn. xii.
_____ nunc nunc _____ &c.	

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than seems consistent with the majesty of heroic verse. When lines are designed to be *sermoni propiores*, this liberty may be allowable, but not so when the subject requires more sonorous numbers. Virgil seems to endeavour to keep up his versification to an harmonious dignity, and therefore, when fit words do not offer with some ease, he will rather break off in an hemistich than that the line should be lazy and languid. He well knew how essential it was in poetry to flatter the ear, and at the same time was sensible that this organ grows tired by a constant attention to the same harmony, and therefore he endeavoured now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauses, and a variation of measures.

Amphion Diræus in Actæo Aracinto.

Æcl. ii.

This line seems not tuneful at the first hearing; but by repetition it reconciles itself, and has the same effect with some compositions of music which are at the first performance tiresome, and afterward entertaining.

The commentators and critics are of opinion that whenever Virgil is less musical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the sound with the sense, as,

— Procumbit humi bos.

It would show as much singularity to deny this as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it, because it is obvious in many places he had no such view.

— Inventa sub ilicibus sus. *Æn.* iii. l. 390.

— Dentefque Sabellicus exacuit sus.

Georg. iii. l. 255.

— Jam fetis obfita, jam bos. *Æn.* vii. l. 790.

— Furor additus, inde lupi ceu, &c.

Æn. xi. l. 355.

The places which favour most the first opinion are,

Saxa per et scopulos, et depressas convalles.

Georg. iii. l. 275.

— Sæpe exiguus mus.

— Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra. *Georg.* iv.

The last line is the only instance I remember (except one in *Æd.* ii.) where the words terminate in the same vowel, and seem to represent the constant and uniform sound of a sliding stream.

Those that are most conversant in classic poetry must be sensible that Virgil has been much more solicitous than Ovid to keep up his lines to an easy and

a musical flow; but though the critics charge the latter with breaking through prosody and grammar, and allowing himself too often the license of Grecisms, I take this censure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundless in itself; but though it were true, I dare be confident it is full as just upon Virgil.

Curru subjungere Tigres, *Ecl. v. l. 29.*
for *currus*, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs, and the contrary.

G. i. — *Pingua culta*, an adjective for a substantive.

— *Denso distinguere pingui*; the same.

Æn. xi. l. 69. — *Seu languentis Hyacinthi*;
first foot of the dactyl short,

Æn. iv. — *Tulerunt fastidia menses*; the penultima of the verb short.

Obsupat steteruntque comæ — the same.

So Lucretius, *prodiderunt reciderunt*, &c.

G. ii. l. 5. — *Pampineo gravidus autumnus*; an iambic for a spondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnes; an anapest for a dactyl, or a spondee.

Æn. x. l. 29. *Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mæstheo*; a trochee, unless the two consonants *M N* of the following word be allowed.

G. i. l. 456. *Fervere, non illâ quisquam* —

The penultima commonly short with Virgil, so
fulgere, fridere, &c.

Æn. xii. l. 680. — Sine me furere ante furorem;
 a Græcism.

G. i. l. 281. — Imponere Pelio Ossam; a Græcism,
 where there is no elision, but the long vowel before
 another made short.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clark has observed,
 (as he tells me) that though there be several short
 vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no instance
 on the contrary of any long vowel (such as the first
 syllable of *τιμή, φύγη, νίκη*, and the like) ever made
 short where no vowel follows; which shows that
 there is no such thing as a *poetica licentia*, properly so
 called.

Certainly no body can imagine but these two cele-
 brated authors understood their own tongue better
 than the scrupulous grammarians of after-ages, who
 are too dogmatical and self-sufficient when they pre-
 sume to censure either of them for not attending strict-
 ly enough to syntax and the measure of verse. The
 Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide
 with confidence on the harmony or dissonance of the
 numbers of these times, unless they were thoroughly
 acquainted with their pauses and cadence. They may
 indeed pronounce with much more assurance on their
 diction, and distinguish where they have been negli-

gent, and where more finished. There are certainly many lines in Ovid where he has been downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviously so by a very little application. In recording the succession of the Alban kings, thus,

Epitrus ex illo est, post hunc Capetusque, Capysque,

Sed Capys ante fuit ———

There are also several lines in Virgil which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfinished.

Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes

Cogendæ in sulcum ———

Georg. ii. l. 61.

Praesertim si tempestas a vertice sylvis

Incubuit ———

Georg. ii. l. 310.

Quasve referro parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando

Iste animus supra ———

Æn. xi. l. 509.

Ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, voluntas,

Jupiter ———

Æn. xii. l. 108.

But the sun has its spots; and if amongst thousands of inimitable lines there should be some found of an unequal dignity with the rest, nothing can be said for their vindication more than, if they be faults they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occasion an advocate for Ovid, who I think is too much run down at present by the critical spirit of this nation, I dare say I cannot be more effectually so than by comparing him in many places with his admired contemporary Virgil; and though the last certainly deserves the palm, I shall make use of Ovid's own lines in the trial of strength

betwixt Achelous and Hercules, to show how much he is honoured by the contention: *O in tantis*

Non tunc and where he might have the appearance of being a king, and where he might be the successor of the Alban kings, thus: *Tempus fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum.* Met. B. ix.

I shall finish my remarks on our author by taking notice of the justness and perspicuity of his allegories, which are either physical or natural, moral or historical. Of the first kind is the fable of Apollo and Python; in the explanation of this all the mythologists agree, exhalations and mists being the constant effects of inundations, are here dissipated by the rays of the sun.

Of the second kind are Actæon torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Erichon starved by the disease of hunger. These two allegories seem to signify that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third is the story of the rape of Europa. History says she was daughter to Agenor, and carried by the Candians in a galley, bearing a bull in the stern, in order to be married to one of their kings named Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occasion for a digression, which is not altogether foreign to the present purpose, because it will be of use to justify Ovid on some other occasions, where he is censured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once representing the Metamorphoses as an excellent system

of morality; but an illustrious lady, whose least advantage above her sex is that of being one of the greatest princesses in Europe, objected, that the loose and immodest fables of Jupiter did by no means confirm my assertion.

One must consider, that what appeared an absurdity in Ovid is not so much his own fault as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old Heroic Age represented them unjust in their actions, mutable in their designs, partial in their favours, ignorant of events, scurrilous in their language; some of the superior hierarchy treating one another with injurious brutalities, and are often guilty of such indecencies and misbehaviour as the lowest mortals would blush to own. Juno calls Diana, the goddess of Chastity, *κύνει δδδνίς*, brazen-faced bitch, Homer's *Iliad*, b. xxi. l. 481. Jupiter insults his daughter, the goddess of Wisdom, for rashness and folly; bids Iris tell her he will maul her coach-horses for her, like a surly bitch as she is; *ἀνιστάτη κύνει*, *Iliad*, b. viii. from l. 400 to l. 425. then threatens, in another place, to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the empyreal throne, *ἔσσι πλεγγύσιν ἰσάσσοι*, *Iliad*, b. xv. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide those absurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that considers the whole texture of the *Iliad* will find, that the author's meaning and their interpretation

are often as unlike as the imaginary heroes of his time are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories should be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which represent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of soldiers, now flocks of sheep, and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the critics of a more exalted taste may discover such beauties in the ancient poetry as may escape the comprehension of us pigmies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine sense of the Pagan theology, whilst we aim at no more than to judge of a little common sense.

It is, and ever will be, a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, tho' never so ill-grounded. The most are afraid of being particular, and, rather than strive against the stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many rather than desirous of being in the right with the few; and though they be convinced of the reasonableness of dissenting from the common cry, yet out of a poor fear of censure they contribute to establish it, and thus become an authority against others, who in reality are but of their own opinion.

Ovid was so far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predecessor in the character of his gods, that when Jupiter punishes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him *injustus Ammon*, *Metamorphoses*, l. iv. and takes

commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the godhead, when their actions are consistent with the divinity of their character. His allegories include some religious or instructive moral wrapped up in a peculiar perspicuity. The fable of Proserpina, being sometimes in hell, and sometimes with Ceres her mother, can scarce mean any thing else than the sowing and coming up of corn. The various dresses that Ver-tumnus, the god of Seasons, puts on in his courtship of Pomona the Garden goddess, seem plainly to express the different and most proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increase. I shall be shorter on this head, because our countryman Mr. Sands has, by laborious search amongst the mytholog-ists, been very full: he has annexed his explanations to the end of each book, which deserve to be recom-mended to those that are curious in this figurative learning.

The reader cannot fail of observing how many ex-cellent lessons of morality Ovid has given us in the course of his fables.

The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches, that piety and innocence cannot miss of the divine protec-tion, and that the only loss irreparable is that of our probity and justice.

That of Phaeton, how the too great tenderness of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he

who would climb to the seat of Jupiter generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is most inimitably told. He omits not the minutest circumstance of a cottage life, and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, Georg. iv. Ovid represents a good old couple, happy and satisfied in a cleanly poverty; hospitable and free of the few things that Fortune had given them; moderate in desires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; so religious in life, that when they observed their homely cabin rising to a temple, all the bounty they asked of the gods they had entertained was, that they might do the office of priesthood there, and at their death not survive one another.

The stories of Lycaon and Pentheus not only deter from infidelity and irreverence to the gods, but the last also shows that too great zeal produces the same effects as none at all, and that enthusiasm is often more cruel than atheism.

The story of Minos and Scylla represents the infamy of selling our country, and teaches that even they who love the crime abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity and heavenly self-denial; he preferred the good of the republic to his own private grandeur; and chose, with an exemplary generosity, rather to live a private free-man out of Rome than to command numbers of slaves in it.

From the story of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady who, like many others, loves to have her admirers suffer a great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero; shows how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himself; then does him the poetical justice of an apotheosis, thinking it most fit that one who had borne the celestial orbs on his shoulders should have a mansion amongst them.

From the assumption of Romulus, that when war is at an end, the chief business of peace should be the enacting good laws; that after a people are preserved from the enemy, the next care should be to preserve them from themselves; and therefore the best legislators deserve a place amongst heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deserted by Theseus, and generously received by Bacchus, we find that as there is nothing we can be sure of, so there is nothing we ought to despair of.

From Althea burning the brand, that we should take care lest under the notion of justice we should do a cruelty; for they that are set upon revenge only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea one may observe, that the most deformed can find something to like in their own person. He examines his face in the stream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact and studious of his dress, and discovers the

first sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the disease of jealousy, and that the most convincing proofs can scarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may discover, that a generous present helps to persuade, as well as an agreeable person.

From Medea's flying from Pelias' court, that the offered favours of the impious should be always suspected; and that they who design to make every one fear them are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha, that shame is sometimes hard to be overcome; but if the sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis, that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame perishes so does censure.

From Tereus, that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the same person who begins with lust may conclude with murder.

From Midas, that no body can punish a covetous man worse than he punishes himself; that scarce any thing would sometimes prove more fatal to us than the completion of our own wishes; and that he who has the most desires will certainly meet with the most disappointments.

From the Pythagorean philosophy it may be observed, that man is the only animal who kills his fellow-creature without being angry.

From Proteus we have this lesson, that a statesman can put on any shape; can be a spaniel to the lion, and a lion to the spaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy who knows not how to seem a friend: that if all crowns should change their ministry as often as they please, though they may be called other ministers, they are still the same men.

The legend of *Æsculapius*' voyage to Rome, in form of a snake, seems to express the necessary sagacity required in professors of that art for the readier insight into distempers, this reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturalists for a quick sight.

Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? —

Hor. Sat. liii. l. i.

The venerable Epidaurian assumed the figure of an animal without hands to take fees, and therefore grateful posterity honoured him with a temple. In this manner should wealthy physicians, upon proper occasions, practise, and thus their surviving patients reward.

If the *Metamorphoses* be attended to with a just application, and without prepossession, one will be the less surpris'd at the author's prophetic spirit relating to the duration and success of the work.

Jamque opus exegi, &c. —

This prediction has so far proved true, that this poem has been ever since the magazine which has furnished the greatest poets of the following ages with fancy and allusions, and the most celebrated painters with subjects and design: nor have his poetical predecessors and contemporaries paid less regard to their own performances.

Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. *Lucr. B. l.*

Nemo me lacrumis decoret, nec funera fletu
Facit; quæ volito vivu' per ora virum. *Enn. Frag.*

Tentanda via est, quæ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.

Virg. Georg. iii.

Me doctarum Ederæ præmia frontium

Dile miscet superis. *Hor. Od. i.*

Again,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

Regalique situ pyramidum altius,

Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens

Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis

Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

Non omnis moriar. *Hor. B. iii. Od. 30.*

The whole ode is in a manner a continued compliment to his own writings; nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our present age who have been pleased to rank themselves amongst their own admirers.

I have done with the original, and shall make no excuse for the length of the Preface, because it is in the power of the reader to make it as short as he

please; I shall now conclude with a word or two about the version.

Translation is commonly either verbal, or paraphrase, or imitation. Of the first is Mr. Sands's, which I think the *Metamorphoses* can by no means allow of. It is agreed the author left it unfinished; if it had undergone his last hand, it is more than probable that many superfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finished, the translation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact; by doing this the sense of the author is more entirely his own, and the cast of the periods more faithfully preserved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author upon revising would have done himself.

If Mr. Sands had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the *Metamorphoses* had not been attempted.

A critic has observed, that in his version of this book he has scrupulously confined the number of his lines to those of the original. It is fit I should take the sum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him.

The manner that seems most suited for this present undertaking is, neither to follow the author too close out of a critical timorousness, nor abandon him too wantonly through a poetic boldness. The original

should always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the sense: where it is otherwise, it is not a version but an imitation. The translator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulness of the poem as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a shade over its blemishes; to be faithful to an idolatry where the author excels; and to take the license of a little paraphrase where penury of fancy, or dryness of expression, seem to ask for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking seem to be of this opinion, and therefore they have not only consulted the reputation of the author, but their own also. There is one of them has no other share in this compliment than by being the occasion of engaging them that have in obliging the public. He has also been so just to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing so near his own.

I cannot pass by that admirable English poet without endeavouring to make his country sensible of the obligations they have to his Muse. Whether they consider the flowing grace of his versification, the vigorous sallies of his fancy, or the peculiar delicacy of his periods, they will discover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the first productions of his youth to the last performances of his age, they will find that as the tyranny of rhyme never imposed on the perspicuity of the sense, so a languid

sense never wanted to be let off by the harmony of rhyme : and as his earlier works wanted no maturity, so his latter wanted no force or spirit. The falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels to be seen the more.

As a translator he was just; as an inventor he was rich. His versions of some parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a just pretence to that compliment which was made to Monsieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French translator, "It is uncertain who have the greatest obligations to him, the dead or the living."

With all these wondrous talents he was libelled in his lifetime by the very men who had no other excellencies but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others they charged him with theft : but how did he steal ? no otherwise than like those that steal beggars' children, only to clothe them the better.

It is to be lamented that gentlemen still continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with most injurious libels. The Muses should be ladies of a chaste and fair behaviour ; when they are otherwise they are Furies. It is certain that Parnassus is at best but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly deportment : the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own society.

Every day may convince them how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of Exchange-Alley; one tally is worth a grove of bays; and it is of much more consequence to be well read in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is still a sad and shameful instance of this truth. The man that could make kings immortal, and raise triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor square foot of stone to show where the ashes of one of the greatest poets that ever was upon earth are deposited.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

BOOK XIV.

THE TRANSFORMAT.OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Ætna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philters Circe brews;
Monsters in various forms around her press,
As thus the god salutes the forcerers.

"O Circe! be indulgent to my grief,

"And give a love-fick deity relief."

"Too well the mighty pow'r of plants I know;

"To those my figure and new fate I owe.

"Against Messina, on th' Ausonian coast,

" I Scylla view'd, and from that hour was lost.

"In tend'rest sounds I su'd; but still the fair

" Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.

"If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r,

" Or energy of plants, if plants have more.

"I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine

"With dying pangs or agonies like mine." 20

No longer Circe could her flame disguise; *Madrigal*

But to the suppliant god-marine replies:

"When maids are coy have manlier aims in view:

"Leave those that fly, but those that like pursue."

"If love can be by kind compliance won, 25

"See at your feet the daughter of the Sun."

"Sooner," said Glaucus, "shall the ash remove

"From mountains, and the swelling furges love,

"On humble sea-weed to the hills repair, 30

"Ere I think any but my Scylla fair."

Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,

And vows revenge for her rejected flame.

Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates;

For love refus'd, without aversion, hates:

To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds, 35

And by the fall of Scylla Glaucus bleeds,

Some fascinating bev'rage now she brews,

Compos'd of deadly drugs and baneful juice.

At Rhegium she arrives, the ocean braves,

And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves. 40

Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,

Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies;

This station Scylla chose, a soft retreat

From chilling winds and raging Cancer's heat.

The vengeful sorc'ers visits this recess, 45

Her charm infuses, and infects the place.

Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts

Turn into dogs, then at herself she starts.

A ghastly horror in her eyes appears,

But yet she knows not who it is she fears; 50

In vain she offers from herself to run,

And drags about her what she strives to shun.

Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
 And swells the rising surges with his tears;
 From the distressed forcerefs he flies, 55
 Her art reviles, and her address denies;
 Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
 Destruction to those barks that beat the seas. 58

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS

CONTINUED.

HERE bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
 But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met;
 As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
 And cut, with well-tim'd oars, the foaming flood,
 He weather'd fell Charybdis; but ere long 3
 The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
 Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er;
 And makes at length the Carthagenian shore.
 Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
 Into her heart receives the wanderer: 10
 From her kind arms the ungrateful hero flies,
 The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes, 15
 Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains
 Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns; 25
 First to his fire does fun'ral rites decree,
 Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea;
 Outruns the islands where volcanoes roar,
 Gets clear of Sirens and their faithless shore; 30

Qij

But loses Palinurus in the way,
Then makes Isarime and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION

OF CERCOPLANS INTO APES.

THE galleys now by Pythecusa pass;
The name is from the natives of the place;
The father of the gods detesting lies,
Oft' with abhorrence heard their perjuries.
Th' abandon'd race, transform'd to beasts, began
To mimic the impertinence of man:
Flat-nos'd and furrow'd, with grimace they grin,
And look to what they were too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end,
This moment they divert, the next offend.
So much this species of their past retains,
Tho' lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

NOW on his right he leaves Parthenope,
His left Messina jutting in the sea,
Arrives at Cuma, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid;
Begs leave thro' black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his fire:
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes,
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:

“ O thou! whose worth thy wondrous works pro-
“ The flames thy piety, the world thy fame; [claim,

"Tho' great be thy request, yet shalt thou see 11

"Th' Elysian Fields, th' infernal monarchy,

"Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide;

"To suppliant Virtue nothing is deny'd." 10

She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough 15

Which in th' Avernian grove refulgent grew,

"Seize that," she bids; he listens to the maid,

Then views the mournful mansions of the dead;

The shade of great Anchises, and the place 16

By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race. 20

As back to upper light the hero came,

He thus salutes the visionary dame.—

"O! whether some propitious deity,

"Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky?

"With grateful incense I shall style you one, 25

"And deem no godhead greater than your own.

"'Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,

"And gave me to behold the fields of light;

"To feel the breezes of congenial air,

"And Nature's blest'd benevolence to share." 30

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

"I AM no deity," reply'd the dame,

"But mortal, and religious rites disclaim;

"Yet had avoided Death's tyrannic sway,

"Had I consented to the god of Day.

"With promises he sought my love, and said, 5

"Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.

Qui

" I paus'd; then pointing to a heap of sand,
 " For ev'ry grain to live a year demand.
 " But, ah! unmindful of th' effect of time,
 " Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
 " The smiling bloom I boasted once is gone,
 " And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
 " Sev'n cent'ries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
 " The period of the years to finish still.
 " Who'll think that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
 " Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine? 16
 " This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall
 " To nothing but prophetic words at last." [waste

The Sibyl, mounting now from nether skies,
 And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cuma rise.
 He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
 Since call'd Cajeta from his nurse's name.
 Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
 To wise Ulysses, his long labours end:
 Here, wand'ring, Achæmenides he meets,
 And sudden thus his late associate greets.
 " Whence came you here, O friend! and whither
 bound?

" All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground;
 " A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found." 29

THE

ADVENT. OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—— " With thanks I name
 " Æneas, and his piety proclaim.

" I 'scap'd the Cyclops thro' the hero's aid,
 " Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
 " When first your navy under sail he found,
 " He rav'd, till *Ætna* labour'd with the sound.
 " Raging he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
 " And vented clouds of breath at ev'ry stride.
 " His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
 " Oft' as he walks his grisly front he throws.
 " Eyeless, he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
 " And jostled promontories as he pass'd;
 " Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
 " And bellow'd like some bursting hurricane.
 " Oh! could I seize *Ulysses* in his flight,
 " How unlamented were my loss of sight!
 " These jaws should piece-meal tear each panting vein,
 " Grind ev'ry crackling bone, and pound his brain."
 As thus he rav'd my joints with horror shook,
 The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook;
 I saw him once disgorge huge morsels, raw,
 Of wretches undigested in his maw.
 From the pale breathless trunks whole limbs he tore,
 His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
 My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
 Was forest fruits and wildings of the wood:
 At length a sail I waisted, and aboard
 My fortune found an hospitable lord.
 Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
 And what since first you put to sea befell.

THE

ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

THEN Macareus—"There reign'd a prince of fame
 "O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
 "A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
 "And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
 "Nine days before the swelling gale we ran, 5
 "The tenth to make the meeting land began;
 "When now the merry mariners, to find
 "Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
 "Forthwith out rush'd a gust, which backwards }
 "Our gallies to the Læstrigonian shore, [bore }
 "Whose crown Antiphates the tyrant wore. II
 "Some few commission'd were with speed to treat;
 "We to his court repair, his guards we meet:
 "Two friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd
 "To be by those curs'd Cannibals consum'd. 15
 "Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat,
 "Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
 "In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
 "And dropp'd his anchor in yon' faithless bay.
 "The thoughts of perils past we still retain, 20
 "And fear to land till lots appoint the men.
 "Polites true, Elpenor, giv'n to wine,
 "Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign.
 "Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
 "To Circe's fatal palace we repair." 25

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

- " BEFORE the spacious front a herd we find
 " Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind;
 " Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet;
 " And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet;
 " Within, upon a sumptuous throne of state,
 " On golden columns rais'd, th' enchantress sate:
 " Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
 " Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
 " Her maids not mind the loom nor household care,
 " Nor wage in needle-work a Scythian war;
 " But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,
 " And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bow'rs,
 " With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
 " Ease dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye,
 " So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
 " Ent'ring she greets us with a gracious look,
 " And airs that future amity bespoke.
 " Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;
 " The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
 " Quick to our own undoing we comply;
 " Her pow'r we prove, and shew the sorcery:
 " Soon in a length of face our head extends;
 " Our chin stiff bristles bears, and forward bends.
 " A breadth of brawn new furnishes our neck;
 " Anon we grunt as we begin to speak.
 " Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
 " Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.

"Hither Ulysses hastes (so Fates command)
 "And bears the powerful moly in his hand;
 "Unsheaths his scimitar, assaules the dame,
 "Preserves his species, and remains the same;
 "The nuptial right this outrage straight attends,
 "The dow'r desir'd is his, transfigur'd friends.
 "The incantation backwards she repeats,
 "Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.
 "And now our skin grows smooth, our shape up-
 "Our arms stretch up, our elven feet unite, [right;
 "With tears our weeping gen'ral we embrace,
 "Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
 "Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
 "Whilst there they waste th' unwilling hours away;
 "Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone,
 "His head a pecker bore, the cause unknown
 "To passengers. A nymph of Circe's train
 "The myst'ry thus attempted to explain."

THE

STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

Picus, who once th' Ausonian sceptre held,
 Could rein the steed, and sit him for the field;
 So like he was to what you see, that still
 We doubt if real or the sculptor's skill.
 The graces in the finish'd piece you find
 Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
 Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
 Till ev'ry love-sick nymph confess'd a flame.

Oft' for his love the mountain Dryads su'd,
 And ev'ry silver sister of the flood:
 Those of Nemicus, Albula, and those
 Where Almo creeps and hasty Nar o'erflows;
 Where sedgey Anio glides thro' smiling meads,
 Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds;
 And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
 To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.
 In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
 His heart no sov'reign would obey but one;
 She whom Venilia on Mount Palatine
 To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.
 Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
 Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less:
 Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
 The flocks unled seem'd list'ning on the plains;
 The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend,
 And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
 The savage kind in forest-wilds grow tame,
 And Canens, from her heav'nly voice, her name.

Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
 Their hands united, as their hearts before.
 Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
 And each new day was dearer than the past,
 Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
 And mingle sports with intervals of love.
 It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
 His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,

Lascivious Circe well the youth survey'd,
 As simpling on the flow'ry hills she stray'd:
 Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
 And from her lap the verdant mischief fell.
 As she attempts at words his courser springs
 O'er hills, and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.
 "Thou shalt not 'scape me so," pronounc'd the dame,
 "If plants have pow'r, and spells be not a name."
 She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
 That fought the covert with dissembled fear:
 Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
 On foot, to chase the visionary prey.

Now she invokes the daughters of the Night,
 Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite,
 Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
 Or shade the golden lustre of her fire:
 In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon,
 The guard at distance, and the youth alone.
 "By those fair eyes," she cries, "and ev'ry grace
 That finish all the wonders of your face,
 "Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain,
 "Nor let the Sun's soft lineage sue in vain."
 "Whoe'er thou art," reply'd the king, "forbear;
 "None can my passion with my Canens share:
 "She first my ev'ry tender wish possess'd,
 "And found the soft approaches to my breast.
 "In nuptials blest'd, each loose desire we shun,
 "Nor time can end what innocence begun."

"Think not," she cry'd, "to saunter out a life
"Of form with that domestic drudge a wife;
"My just revenge, dull fool! ere long shall show
"What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
"Think me a woman, and a lover too.
"From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
"Nor fail to punish where we fail to please."

Now twice to east she turns, as oft' to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft' a charm express.
On the lost youth her magic pow'r she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.

The winds from drizzling damps now purge the air,
The mists subside, the settling skies are fair;
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circe, and their lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and th' unhallow'd sepulchre.

Now, strange to tell! the plants sweat drops of blood,
The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood;
Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the ether ride;
Dogs howl; earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads:

The sad spectators stiffen'd with their fears
 She sees, and sudden ev'ry limb she smears,
 Then each of savage beasts the figure bears. 95

The sun did now to western waves retire
 In tides to temper his bright world of fire:
 Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
 Ill suits fond love with absence or delay.
 Where she commands her ready people run; 100
 She wills, retracts; bids and forbids anon.
 Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
 Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
 Six days and nights she wanders on, as Chance 105
 Directs, without or sleep or sustenance.
 Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
 Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear:
 Stretch'd on his banks she to the flood complains,
 And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains.
 The sick'ning swan thus hangs her silver wings, 110
 And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.
 Ere long sad Canens wastes to air, whilst Fame
 The place still honours with her hapless name.

Here did the tender tale of Picus cease,
 Above belief the wonder I confess. 115
 Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
 Foretold by Circe to our suff'ring fleet.
 Myself, unable further woes to bear,
 Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here. 119

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

THUS Macareus—“Now with a pious aim
 “Had good Æneas rais’d a fun’ral flame
 “In honour of his hoary nurse’s name:
 “Her epitaph he fix’d; and, setting sail,
 “Cajeta left, and catch’d at ev’ry gale.
 “He steer’d at distance from the faithless shore
 “Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow’r,
 “And sought those grateful groves that shade the
 “Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main, (plain,
 “And fattens, as he runs, the fair champaign.
 “His kindred gods the hero’s wishes crown
 “With fair Lavinia and Latinus’ throne
 “But not without a war the prize he won
 “Drawn up in bright array the battle stands;
 “Turnus with arms his promis’d wife demands:
 “Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share,
 “And doubtful long appears the face of war.
 “Both pow’rs from neighb’ring princes seek supplies,
 “And embassies appoint for new allies.
 “Æneas for relief Evander moves;
 “His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves.
 “The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
 “Sage Venulus dispatch to Diomed:
 “The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
 “These reasons for neutrality assign’d.—
 “Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess,
 “My people thin, my wretched country waste,

“ An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne,
 “ Or risk my patron's subjects or my own?
 You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear;
 Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.”

THE

ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

AFTER fall'd Ilium was by Argives won,
 And flames had finish'd what the sword begun,
 Pallas, incens'd, pursu'd us to the main,
 In vengeance of her violated fane;
 Alone Odysseus forc'd the Trojan maid;
 Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
 A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
 The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky,
 Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
 Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
 'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell;
 Ev'n Priam would have pity'd what befall:
 Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main,
 At home new wrongs to meet, as Fates ordain.
 Chas'd from my country, I once more repeat
 All suff'rings seas could give or war complete;
 For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
 Still new calamities should past succeed.
 Agmon, impatient thro' successive ills,
 With fury Love's bright goddess thus reviles:—
 “ These plagues in spite to Diomedes are sent;
 “ The crime is his, but ours the punishment.”

"Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
 "And dare that haughty harlot of the skies."

The rest of Agmon's insolence complain, 25
 And of irreverence the wretch arraign.

About to answer, his blaspheming throat
 Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.

To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
 Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings. 30

The lower features of his face extend,
 Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.

Some more experience Agmon's destiny,
 And wheeling in the air like swans they fly.

These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
 And here I reign a poor precarious king. 36

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. "Venulus withdraws,
 "Unsped the service of the common cause.

"Puteoli he passes, and survey'd

"A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.

"Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray, 5

"Here streams in gentle falls thro' windings stray, }

"And with a passing breath cool zephyrs play. }

"The goat-herd god frequents the silent place,

"As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,

"Till Appulus, with a dishonest air 10

"And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.

- " The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
 " Their motion mimics, but with gest obscene:
 " Loofe language oft' he utters; but ere long
 " A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
 " Thus chang'd, a bale wild olive he remains;
 " The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS

TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

MEAN-WHILE the Latians all their pow'r prepare,
 'Gainst Fortune and the foe to push the war.
 With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain,
 But, short of succours, still contend in vain.
 Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill mann'd,
 Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;
 He thought, and straight a lighted brand he bore,
 And fire invades what 'scap'd the waves before.
 The billows from the kindling prow retire;
 Pitch, rosin, fearwood, on red wings aspire,
 And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire.

This when the mother of the gods beheld,
 Her tow'ry crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
 Her brindled lions rein'd unvail'd her head,
 And hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet she said;
 " Cease, Turnus, and the heav'nly pow'rs respect,
 " Nor dare to violate what I protect.
 " These gallies once fair trees on Ida stood,
 " And gave their shade to each descending god;

"Nor shall consume; irrevocable Fate
"Allots their being no determin'd date."
Straight peals of thunder heav'n's high arches rend,
The hailstones leap, the show'rs in spouts descend;
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoaking vessels drive. 25
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design,
A trunk the hull, the slender keel a spine;
The prow a female face; and by degrees 30
The gallies rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late:
The barks that beat the seas are still their care,
Themselves rememb'ring what of late they were; 35
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.

Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war:
Both sides for doubtful victory contend, 40
And on their courage and their gods depend:
Nor bright Lavinia nor Latinus' crown
Warm their great soul to war like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won; 45
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,
And bury'd in fierce deluges of flame.

Her tow'rs, that boasted once a sov'reign sway,
 The fate of fancy'd grandeur now betray;
 A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
 And beats the ruin with disastrous wings:
 Calamities of towns distress'd she feigns,
 And oft' with woeful shrieks of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by Fate,
 Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate,
 And by a sure irrevocable doom
 Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome:
 Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
 His mother goddess thus her suit prefers.

“Almighty Arbiter! whose pow'rful nod
 “Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode,
 “To thy great progeny indulgent be,
 “And rank the goddess-born a deity:
 “Already has he view'd with mortal eyes
 “Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.”

Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
 Where Juno in the shining senate sits:
 Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels,
 Then thund'ring Jove th' almighty mandate seals,
 Allots the prince of his celestial line
 An apotheosis and rights divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,
 And with her Graces Love's bright queen withdraws;

Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
 And borne by turtles, to Laurentum lies;
 Alights where thro' the reeds Nymphs stray,
 And to the seas his wat'ry tribute pays.
 The god she supplicates to wash away
 The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
 And cleanse the goddess-born from seminal allay.
 The horned flood with glad attention stands,
 Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands.

His better parts by lustral waves refin'd,
 More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind,
 With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
 And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
 Thus deify'd, new honours Rome decrees,
 Shrines, festivals, and styles him Indiges.

THE

LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

ASCANIUS now the Latian sceptre sways,
 The Alban nation Sylvius next obeys;
 Then young Latinus. Next an Alba came,
 The grace and guardian of the Alban name.
 Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
 Then Capetis the regal pow'r sustain'd.
 Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
 And honour'd with his name the river god.
 Now haughty Romulus began his reign,
 Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.

Meek Acrotas succeeded to the crown,
 From peace and easy ring, more than arms, renown;
 To Aventinus well resign'd his throne.
 The mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
 And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A HAMADRYAD flourish'd in these days;
 Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
 In garden culture none could so excel,
 Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
 Or to the fruit more gen'rous flavours lend;
 Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.

The nymph frequented not the flatt'ring stream,
 Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream;
 But to such joys her nurs'ry did prefer,
 Alone to tend her vegetable care.

A pruning-hook she carry'd in her hand,
 And taught the stragglers to obey command,
 Lest the licentious and unthrifty bough
 The too-indulgent parent should undo.
 She shows how stocks invite to their embrace
 A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
 To mend the salvage teint, and in its stead
 Adopt new nature and a nobler breed.

Now hourly she observes her growing care,
 And guards their nonage from the bleaker air;

Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.

Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny,
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd;
Oft' would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of Satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame,
And he that frights the thieves with stratagem
Of sword, and something else too gross to name.
Vertumnus too pursu'd the maid no less,
But with his rivals shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries;
Oft' in the hind the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams:
Then from the harvest oft' the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain,
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains:
Sometimes his sword a soldier shews; his rod
An angler; still so various is the god.
Now in a forehead-cloth some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs.
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit, the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss: th' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandam kiss'd with such a flame.

Now, seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in am'rous foldings twine.

"If that fair elm," he cry'd, "alone should stand,

"No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the

"Or if that vine without her elm should grow, [hand;

"'T would creep a poor neglected shrub below. 55

"Be then, fair Nymph! by these examples led,

"Nor shun, for fancy'd fears, the nuptial bed. 60

"Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,

"Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heav'nly

"And if you would on woman's faith rely, [charms.

"None can your choice direct so well as I. 65

"Tho' old, so much Pomona I adore,

"Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.

"'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires

"With softest wishes and unsoil'd desires. 70

"Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove

"The god of Seasons only worth your love."

"On my assurance well you may repose;

"Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.

"True to his choice, all looser flames he flies, 75

"Nor for new faces fashionably dies.

"The charms of youth, and ev'ry smiling grace,

"Bloom in his features, and the god confess.

"Besides, he puts on ev'ry shape at ease,

"But those the most that best Pomona please. 80

"Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;

"Their likings and aversions are the same.

"Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
 "Nor all the youthful product of the year,
 "Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
 "A fit reward for so refin'd a love. 81
 "Relent, fair Nymph! and with a kind regret
 "Think 't is Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
 "A tale attend, thro' Cyprus known, to prove
 "How Venus once reveng'd neglected love." 85

THE STORY OF

IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

IPHIS, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
 Fair Anaxaretè, of Teucer's blood.
 Not long had he beheld the royal dame
 Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
 Oft' did he struggle with a just despair,
 Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear;
 But Love, who flatters still his own disease,
 Hopes all things will succeed he knows will please.
 Where'er the fair one haunts he hovers there,
 And seeks her confident with sighs and pray'r;
 Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
 Successful messengers in suits of love.

Now shiv'ring at her gates the wretch appears,
 And myrtle garlands on the columns rears,
 Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears. 15
 The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than
 Derides his pray'rs, insults his agonies; [seas,

Arraigns of insolence th' aspiring swain,
 And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
 Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
 He thus upbraids th' inexorable fair. 20

"O Anaxaretè! at last forget
 "The license of a passion indiscreet.
 "Now triumph, since a welcome sacrifice
 "Your slave prepares to offer to your eyes. 25
 "My life, without reluctance, I resign;
 "That present best can please a pride like thine.
 "But, O! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
 "Doom'd never to expire but with the light.
 "And you, great Pow'rs! do justice to my name; 30
 "The hours you take from life restore to fame."

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he
 The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose; [throws
 For death prepares; and bounding from above,
 At once the wretch concludes his life and love. 35

Ere long the people gather, and the dead
 Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
 First like some ghastly statue she appears,
 Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears, 40
 And gives it to the pile. Now as the throng
 Proceed in sad solemnity along,
 To view the passing pomp, the cruel fair
 Hastes, and beholds her breathless lover there.
 Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
 Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs; 45

Her features without fire, her colour gone;
 And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
 In Salamis the statue still is seen
 In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
 "Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain;
 "O Nymph belov'd! to ease a lover's pain:
 "So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
 "And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear."
 The story oft' Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
 But then assum'd his heav'nly form again.
 Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
 As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
 The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
 Like snow she melts; so soon can youth persuade.
 Consent on eager winds succeeds desire,
 And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the Fates, his son
 Mild Numitor succeeded to the crown:
 But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r,
 At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
 Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
 Her parent re-inthron'd; the rightful lord.
 Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
 The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
 He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.
 The fires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
 Bold to revenge their violated bed.

A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
 Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name;
 This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,
 But death well recompens'd the treach'rous maid;
 The foe on this new-bought success relies,
 And silent march, the city to surprize.
 Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine,
 But Venus countermines the vain design;
 Entreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
 Which near the fane of heavy Janus glide,
 To send their succours: ev'ry turn they drain
 To stop the Sabines' progress, but in vain.

The Naiads now more stratagems essay,
 And kindling sulphur to each court convey;
 The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
 Till from the scalding ferd the army flies.
 Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
 And to the war the Roman legions warms.
 The battle rages, and the field is spread
 With nothing but the dying and the dead.
 Both sides consent to treat without delay,
 And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway:
 But Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
 Great Romulus continu'd long to reign.

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
 And thus addresses Heav'n's imperial throne,

" Since the inferior world is now become
 " One vassal globe, and colony to Rome,
 " This grace, O Jove! for Romulus I claim,
 " Admit him to the skies, from whence he came.
 " Long hast thou promis'd an ethereal state
 " To Mars's lineage, and thy word is Fate."

The fire that rules the thunder with a nod
 Declar'd the Fiat, and dismiss'd the god.

Soon as the pow'r armipotent survey'd
 The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;
 And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
 His fiery coursers lashing thro' the air.
 Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
 Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne,
 The scales of heav'nly justice holding high,
 With steady hand and a discerning eye;
 Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres,
 Swift as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
 The parts more pure in rising are refin'd,
 The gross and perishable lag behind:
 His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
 He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddess of the nuptial bed,
 With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
 To sad Hersilia—Thus the meteor maid:—
 " Chaste relief! in bright truth to Heav'n ally'd,
 " The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;

"Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love;
 "Of such a spouse as now resides above;
 "Some respite to thy killing griefs afford,
 "And if thou wouldst once more behold thy lord,
 "Retire to yon' steep mount, with groves o'erspread,
 "Which with an awful gloom his temple shade." 11

With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
 And to the bright ambassadress replies:—

"O Goddess! yet to mortal eyes unknown,
 "But sure thy various charms confess thee one; 13
 "O quick to Romulus thy votress bear,
 "With looks of love he'll smile away my care:
 "In what'er orb he shines, my heav'n is there." }

Then hastes with Isis to the holy grove,
 And up the Mount Quirinal as they move, 20
 A lambent flame glides downward thro' the air,
 And brightens with a blaze Herkula's hair.
 Together on the bounding ray they rise,
 And shoot a gleam of light along the skies.
 With op'ning arms Quirinus met his bride,
 Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side. 26

THE STORY OF CIPPUS. BOOK XV.

OR as when Cippus in the current view'd
 The shooting horns that on his forehead stood,
 His temples first he feels, and with surprise
 His touch confirms th' assurance of his eyes:
 Straight to the skies his horned front he rears, 5
 And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs.

"If this portent be prosp'rous, O decree
"To Rome th' event! if otherwise, to me."
An altar then of turf he hastes to raise;
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze,
The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
And victims with presaging signs expire,
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
And views the horny honours of his head;
Then cry'd, "Hail, Conqueror! thy call obey,
"Those omens I behold presage thy sway:
"Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
"And owns thy sov'reign pow'r as Fate's decree."
He said—and Cippus, starting at th' event,
Spoke in these words his pious discontent.
"Far hence, ye Gods! this execration send,
"And the great race of Romulus defend.
"Better that I in exile live abhorr'd,
"Than e'er the Capitol should style me Lord."
This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the Senate next convenes, and said;
"If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
"Design'd by Destiny the bane of Rome.
"Two horns (most strange to tell!) his temples crown:
"If e'er he pass the walls and gain the town,
"Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
"And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r."

"Your gates he might have enter'd, but this arm 35

"Seiz'd the usurper, and with-held the harm. 36

"Haste, find the monster out, and let him be 37

"Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree, 38

"Or ty'd in chains, or into exile thrown, 39

"Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own." 40

The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,

As swelling surges breaking on the strand,

Or as when gath'ring gales sweep o'er the grove,

And their tall heads the bending cedars move.

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began 45

To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man;

Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,

"The wretch you want I offer to your eyes."

The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in thought,

All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:

In haste with laurel wreaths his head they bind; 51

Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.

Then thus the Senate—"Hear, O Cippus! hear;

"So godlike is thy tutelary care;

"That since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay, 55

"For thy abode those acres we convey [day]

"The ploughshare can surround the labour of a }

"In deathless records thou shalt stand enroll'd, [gold."

"And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of

A SOLILOQUY OUT OF ITALIAN.

COULD he whom my dissembled rigour grieves

But know what torment to my soul it gives,

He'd find how fondly I return his flame,
 And want myself the pity he would claim.
 Immortal Gods! why has your doom decreed 5
 Two wounded hearts with equal pangs should bleed,
 Since that great law which your tribunal guides
 Has join'd in love whom Destiny divides?
 Repent, you Pow'rs! the injuries you cause,
 Or change our natures or reform your laws. 10
 Unhappy partner of my killing pain!
 Think what I feel the moment you complain:
 Each sigh you utter wounds my tend'rest part,
 So much my lips misrepresent my heart.
 When from your eyes the falling drops distil, 15
 My vital blood in every tear you spill;
 And all those mournful agonies I hear
 Are but the echoes of my own despair. 18

AN IMITATION OF A FRENCH AUTHOR.

CAN you count the silver lights
 That deck the skies and cheer the nights?
 Or the leaves that strow the vales,
 When groves are stripp'd by winter gales?
 Or the drops that in the morn
 Hang with transparent pearl the thorn?
 Or bridegrooms' joys or misers' cares,
 Or gamesters' oaths or hermits' pray'rs?
 Or envy's pangs or love's alarms?
 Or Marlborough's acts or ~~Queen's~~ charms? 10

CONTENTS.

	Page
Life of the Author,	5
Preface,	15
Copy of an Instrument,	21
Dedication to Anthony Henley, Esq.	23

POEMS TO THE AUTHOR.

To Dr. Garth, upon the Dispensary,	25
To my friend the Author, &c.	26
To my friend Dr. Garth, &c.	28
To my friend upon the Dispensary,	30
Earl of Godolphin to Dr. Garth, &c.	30
To my friend Dr. Garth in his sickness,	32

THE DISPENSARY.

Canto I.	33
Canto II.	41
Canto III.	50
Canto IV.	62
Canto V.	76
Canto VI.	90
Preface to Claremont,	105
Claremont,	106
On her Majesty's Statue in St. Paul's Churchyard,	119

CONTENTS.

213

	Page
On the new Conspiracy, 1716,	120
On the King of Spain,	121
Verfes for the Kit-Cat Club,	ib.
<i>Epitaphium Georgii Comitis de Huntingdon,</i>	123

EPISTLES.

To the Lady Louifa Lenos,	125
To the Earl of Burlington,	126
To the Duchess of Bolton,	128
To the Duke of Marlborough,	129
To the Earl of Godolphin,	130
To Mr. Gay,	131
To the Merry Poetafter,	132

PROLOGUES, &c.

Prologue for Tamerlane,	133
Prologue to the Mufic Meeting,	135
Prologue to the Cornifh Squire. A Comedy,	136
Prologue at opening the Queen's Theatre, &c.	137
Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cato,	139

OID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIV.

Preface,	141
The transformation of Scylla,	181
The voyage of Æneas continued,	183
The transformation of Cercopians into Apes,	184
Æneas defcends to hell,	ib.

	Page
The story of the Sibyl,	187
The adventures of Achamenides,	186
The adventures of Macareus,	188
The enchantments of Circe,	189
The story of Picus and Canens,	190
Æneas arrives in Italy,	195
The adventures of Diomedes,	196
The transformation of Appulus,	197
The Trojan ships transformed to Sea-nymphs,	198
The deification of Æneas,	200
The line of the Latian Kings,	201
The story of Vertumnus and Pomona,	202
The story of Iphis and Anaxarète,	203
The Latian line continued,	207
The assumption of Romulus,	208
The assumption of Hersilia,	209
The story of Cippus, Ovid, book xv.	210
A Soliloquy out of Italian,	211
In imitation of a French author,	213

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THE END.

